

The Reader's Digest

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DECEMBER NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

The Women's Revolution

Condensed from *Current History* (October '23)

Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale

IN the last 50 to 25 years America has seen a change in the status, opportunities and interests of women amounting to a revolution. This revolution was the inevitable effect of two forces: the theory of democracy and the fact of industrialism.

The idea of American democracy is equality of opportunity for all. The woman's movement, since its formal inception with the first Women's Rights Convention at Seneca Falls in 1848, has sought to apply this principle to women. Today, the theory of democracy is, broadly, applied to both sexes. But this success would not have been attained without the help of modern industrialism, which was swiftly revolutionizing the lives of all women while the heaven of democratic ideals was working only in the minds of a minority. In an agricultural community children are an economic asset. Their labor can be utilized. But among city dwellers children mean more rooms and higher rent, while work is harder to find and more specialized. Under the pressure of the high cost of living the great majority of parents are now unable to support daughters after school age, and since little productive labor can be found in city homes, it must be sought in factory, office and store. At the same time the development of labor-saving appliances continues to reduce the ac-

tual mechanical work of housekeeping, while public schools take children out of their homes during a lengthening span of years; so that women of the homemaking class enjoy greater opportunities for leisure than have ever before in history fallen to their lot. Among well-to-do the cost of houses and servants tends to reduce the size of establishments and to transfer entertaining from homes to restaurants, with automobiles and country clubs aiding in the process. The home is thus becoming more and more an oasis of calm in the intellectual and social life lived largely outside its walls.

Here, then, we have a three-fold change in the world of women—political, economic, and social—unquestionably a revolution as fundamental as that of 1776.

The opportunities for the higher education of women now closely approximate those of men. . . In 1920 the 19th Amendment enfranchised women, although they had voted in some 22 States previous to that time. These results were obtained by the work of the National Woman Suffrage Association, organized in every State. Three women have already sat in the United States Congress; 30 States have elected women legislators in the last two years, and 15 women Mayors are holding office this year.

(Continued on pages 627-8)

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EDITORS

DeWitt Wallace

H. J. Cubberley

Lila Bell Acheson

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I Remember a Christmas—

From The Delineator (Dec. '23)

Joseph Conrad

FROM the conventional point of view the spirit of Christmas Day at sea appears distinctly weak. The opportunities, the materials too, are lacking. Of course the ship's company get a plum pudding of some sort, and when the captain appears on deck for the first time the officer of the morning watch greets him with a "Merry Christmas, sir!" in a tone only moderately effusive. Anything more would, owing to the difference in station, be not correct. Normally he can expect a return for this in the shape of a "The same to you" of a nicely graduated heartiness. He does not get it always, however.

On shore a calamity at Christmas-time would hardly take any other shape but that of an avalanche—avalanche of unpaid bills. I think that it is the absence of that kind of danger which makes Christmas at sea rather agreeable on the whole. An additional charm consists in there being no worry about presents. Presents ought to be unexpected things. The giving and receiving of presents at appointed times seems to me a hypocritical ceremony, like exchanging gifts of Dead Sea fruit in proof of sham good-fellowship. But the

sea of which I write here is a live sea; fruits one chances to gather on it may be salt as tears or as bitter as death, but they never taste like ashes in the mouth.

In all my twenty years of wandering over the restless waters of the globe I can only remember one Christmas Day celebrated by a present given or received. It was, in my view, a proper, live-sea transaction—and, in its unexpectedness, perhaps worth recording. Let me tell you first that it happened in the year 1879, long before there was any thought of wireless messages and when an inspired person trying to prophesy broadcasting would have been regarded as a particularly offensive nuisance and probably sent to a rest-cure home. We used to call them mad-houses then, in our rude, caveman way.

The daybreak of Christmas Day in the year 1879 was fine. The sun began to shine some time about four o'clock over the somber expanse of the southern ocean in latitude fifty-one; and shortly afterward a sail was sighted ahead. The wind was light, but a heavy swell was running. Presently I wished a Merry Christmas to my captain. He looked

still sleepy but amiable. I reported the distant sail to him and ventured the opinion that there was something wrong with her. He said "Wrong?" in an incredulous tone. He took the glasses from me, directed them toward her stripped masts, resembling three Swedish safety-matches flying up and down and wagging to and fro ridiculously in that heaving and austere wilderness of countless water hills, and returned them to me without a word. He only yawned. This marked display of callousness gave me a shock. In those days I was generally inexperienced and still a comparative stranger in that particular region of the world of waters.

The captain, as is a captain's way, disappeared from the deck; and after a time our carpenter came up the poop ladder carrying an empty small wooden keg of the sort in which certain ship's provisions are packed. I said, surprised, "What do you mean by lugging this thing up here, Chips?" "Captain's orders, sir," he explained, shortly. I did not like to question him further and so we only exchanged Christmas greetings and he went away. The next person to speak to me was the steward. He came running up the companion stairs: "Have you any old newspapers in your room, sir?" There were several old Sydney "Heralds," "Telegraphs," "Bulletins" in my cabin, besides a few home papers received by the last mail. "Why do you ask, steward?" I inquired naturally. "The captain would like to have them," he said.

And even then I did not understand the inwardness of these eccentricities. I was only lost in astonishment at them. It was eight o'clock before we had closed with that ship which, under her short canvas and heading nowhere in particular, seemed to be loafing aimlessly on the very threshold of the gloomy home of storms. But long before that hour

I had learned from the number of the boats she carried that this nonchalant ship was a whaler. She was the first whaler I had ever seen. She had hoisted the Stars and Stripes at her peak and her signal-flags had told us already that she was the "Alaska." Two years out from New Bedford. Last from Honolulu. Two hundred and fifteen days on the cruising-ground. We passed, sailing slowly, within a hundred yards of her; and just as our steward started ringing the breakfast-bell, the captain and I held up aloft, in good view of the figures watching us over her stern, the keg, properly headed up and containing, besides an enormous bundle of old newspapers, two boxes of figs in honor of the day. We flung it far over the rail. Instantly our ship sliding down the slope of a high swell left it far behind in our wake. On board the "Alaska" a man in a fur cap flourished an arm; another, a much bewhiskered person, ran forward suddenly. I never saw anything so ready and smart as the way that whaler, rolling desperately all the time, lowered one of her boats. The southern ocean went on tossing the two ships like a juggler his gilt balls and the microscopic white speck of the boat seemed to come into the game instantly, as if shot out from a catapult, on the enormous and lonely stage. That Yankee whaler lost not a moment in picking up her Christmas present from the English wool-clipper. Before we had increased the distance very much she dipped her ensign in thanks and asked to be reported all well, with a catch of three fish. I suppose it paid them for two hundred and fifteen days of risk and toil, away from the sounds and sights of the inhabited world, like outcasts devoted beyond the confines of mankind's life to some enchanted and lonely penance.

The Immigration Peril

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Dec. '23)

Gino Speranza

IN order properly to appreciate the immigration situation, Americans should let their minds go back 40 or 50 years, when a threatened inundation of the Pacific Coast called for drastic remedy. At that time Chinese and other Mongolians were landing in California at a rate that, if unchecked, would make this part of the United States, in one or two generations, little better than an Asiatic domain. There was no objection to these immigrants on the ground of industry or good behavior; nor were they lacking in intelligence. There was only one objection to them. Mentally and physically they were absolutely alien to the races that had founded the American Nation. The idea of ever incorporating them into the body politic could not be entertained. Inter-marriage with Northwestern Europeans could produce only hybrid descendants, and introduce another insoluble race problem. The only possible future for these Mongolians would be existence as a people apart, a bloc of suspicious and hostile unassimilables, something which is a public evil in any nation, but which is especially hateful in a nation founded upon American principles. The statesmen of 40 years ago solved this problem in the wisest way. They abruptly stopped Asiatic immigration. There were plenty of "liberals" of that date who denounced the Chinese exclusion laws, as there were plenty subsequently who denounced the anti-Japanese measures, but the result of this foresight is now apparent. California is today a beautiful and flourishing community of Northwestern Europeans, one of the parts of the United States of which Americans are chiefly proud, instead of being, as it would have become except for the exclusion laws,

a great expanse devoted largely to Asiatic civilization.

What the country and Congress should understand is that the Atlantic Coast is now living in the shadow of a similar peril. What are the races that have poured into the great Eastern cities in the last 15 years and which are now clamoring for admission? Greeks, Armenians, Bulgars, Rumanians, Croats, Southern Italians, Eastern Jews. The folly of attempting to transform these races into American citizens, now or centuries from now, is clear to all students of history. On this point there is practically no disagreement; discussion or argument are unnecessary, unless the flood is checked, the Atlantic Coast, in a few generations, will be largely peopled with this kind of human material.

The failure of the natives of New Mexico to learn American self-government after seventy-odd years under our institutions is another example of the immigration peril. One fifth of the amount paid in salaries to the employees of the New Mexican House last year was for "translators and interpreters." That means that there are members, duly elected to the Lower House of New Mexico, who today cannot transact their legislative business in English. And there is a specific provision in the Compact between the people of New Mexico and the United States, to the effect that "ability to read, write, speak, and understand the English language sufficiently well to conduct the duties of the office without aid of an interpreter, shall be a necessary qualification for all members of the state legislature." It was under that Compact that New Mexico was admitted into the Union "on an equal footing with the original states."

The fact is that political life—American self-government—in New Mexico is all along the line a compromise, where it isn't pure fiction. It can't be anything else; and we must accept it as a greatly needed "horrible example" for our "Americanizers," our theorists and our optimists. If they will study it thoroughly, they will get a clear idea of what happens when one attempts to fit one kind of government to a race which had nothing to do with the growth and development of that special kind of government. They will find in New Mexico a native people with old traditions and customs and a civilization of their own, splendidly loyal to the United States, yet absolute misfits in the body-politic of the Republic, and patiently, tragically unhappy over American "rights" and "privileges" which the Constitution "guarantees" to them.

The basis of this tragedy has its roots in the popular notion or assumption that American institutions are so inherently excellent that they fit all peoples. This assumption has been industriously encouraged by New Stock "intellectuals." These "friends of freedom" lightly preach that government of and by the people is something that any one can have and enjoy irrespective of character, intelligence, or special political training and antecedents. They forget that our Constitution was framed by men of the Anglo-Saxon origin for their own government, and it presupposes the long political evolution to which that race has been subjected in the mother-land during eight or nine centuries.

In New Mexico, during the entire American period from 1846 to today, no "native," or Spanish-Mexican, has held the office of Attorney-General of the State, or of Judge of a Federal, State, or County Court except one who was appointed to the State Supreme Court to fill a vacancy by the only "non-American" ever elected

Governor of New Mexico. But you do not right this situation in New Mexico by simply distributing the offices more equably between the two races, as so many of the "natives" demand. You would not get American self-government by that method; you would simply extend that mongrel tribal government of some of our big cities wherein the various racial constituencies are "recognized." The new American government in New Mexico, grafted upon a non-American civilization has *had* to be run by Americans. The Constitution did not make Americans, but Americans made the Constitution, and it is only Americans who can make their Constitution a living organism and not a mere written scroll. The root of the evil and of the social tragedy in New Mexico lies in the historic fact that two different and separate civilizations, distinct in antecedents, ideals, history, standards, habits, and political life, are trying to live side by side as one family. With the best intentions we have legalized an impossibility and have constitutionally equalized unequals. Under the law these "natives" are "Americans" and "fellow-citizens"; actually, under the stress of historic and natural laws, they have a "common consciousness," and a "general will" so different from those of the American people that they are not, and cannot be in any real sense, "Americans."

What has happened in New Mexico, tragic though it is, has taught no lesson to the American people. Through a thoughtless optimism or a sincere but unreasoning faith in the wonder-working powers of American institutions, we have gone ahead on the theory that any race could fit into the body politic and be capable of participating in the management of the American political enterprise by the merest veneer of "Americanization" or through the mere accident of being born within the Republic.

(To be continued)

How Canada Selects Aliens

Condensed from *The Outlook* (Dec. 5, '23)

Stanley Frost

CONGRESS will again this winter engage in its annual sport of trying to frame a system that to some extent will protect us from further masses of unassimilable peoples, but that will not offend any foreign government which hopes to dump its riffraff on us, nor annoy any unassimilated voters who wish to add their uncles and their aunts and their fourth cousins to our National burden.

Why not turn to Canada for a lesson? It is not too much to say that Canada, a country with population and politics very like our own, has abolished all our immigration evils. There is no jamming of her ports, there are few people turned back from them and almost no tragedies there: there is no flooding of her labor markets and cutting of her standard of living; she has barely a trace of "foreign cities" and there are no great masses of alien-minded peoples threatening her national spirit. Also she has made the work of filtering her immigration simple and easy for herself and almost entirely free from hardships for the foreigners, whether she admits them or not.

Canada begins abroad. She makes her selection of immigrants almost entirely at their homes, where all the facts can be learned about them. Many of our politicians tell us that this cannot be done. They say that other countries object, or that the administrative difficulties are too great. But Canada does it, and has done it for years. She does it with little friction and at small cost. No special treaties are required, no diplomatic relations. Her agents are merely business representatives, who have influence with the steamship companies. Canada has the same law that we have, which requires

that a steamship company must deport at its own expense any immigrant it has brought who is rejected at the ports.

Whenever any person applies at a steamer office for passage to Canada a long questionnaire is given him, and the transportation companies have learned not to issue tickets till this has been filled out and approved. It is sent to the Canadian agent, who checks it up. If he decides Canada does not want the man, he simply advises the steamship company to that effect, and the matter is ended.

The medical examination which is required is made by the steamship company's doctors; but, since, if he makes a mistake the company will have to carry the passenger home for nothing, few mistakes are made.

The questionnaire is exhaustive, taking up all the relations that a new immigrant will have to Canadian industry, politics, and society. It covers race, creed, nativity, education, political beliefs, and financial circumstances. In all countries except Great Britain and the United States it also covers occupational training, experience, and success, and these matters are considered of the most vital importance. In cases where a man is going alone to prepare the way for his family he is warned to make sure that there are among his dependents no physical or mental defectives who, when the family does come, will present at the port one of the heartbreaking problems with which we in the States are so familiar. And it is best for the immigrant to answer the questionnaire truthfully, for a single lie will bar him.

Permission to sail for Canada, however, is not the final permit to enter. Final examination is held at

the ports, as with us. There must be official medical examination, and there is a careful re-examination as to other qualifications. The questionnaire is the basis for this, and if the immigrant's answers differ from those he made before he will be turned back. . . In practice, however, almost none are barred.

Canada still has a few cases where, in a family coming to join the pioneer who has established a home, one member is undesirable because of physical or mental defect. Most of these cases affect children of pioneers who came before the present rigid system was established. In such cases Canada's rules are strict. Diseased persons are not admitted in any case. Mental or physical defectives will be admitted if the circumstances are sufficiently urgent. But such a defective will be admitted only under a permit, for which a fee is charged, and which must be supported by heavy bond to insure adequate support and care. These permits are never for more than a year, and when the time for renewal comes the whole case is gone over again, so that no one is allowed to feel that lapse of time gives a right to remain. Such persons are never allowed to become legal residents, much less citizens.

W. J. Black, the Deputy Minister who is executive head of the Department told me, "Most countries are glad to protect their people from needless disturbance, and glad to co-operate with our agents. But when there is any difficulty with a foreign country we hold the whip-hand. We need only threaten to stop all immigration, good or bad, from that particular country. We made this threat to a certain country a few years ago, and there has been no trouble there since."

To make sure of barring undesirables of all kinds, even when there is no special rule to cover them, Canada gives her agents a very wide discretion. This is discretion to reject, be it noted, not to admit, for Can-

ada claims the benefit of any doubt in every case. Of course any person rejected has the right to appeal, but few win through in this way. The agents easily learn from the decisions on appeals what kinds of people Canada does not want. In addition to all the bars which our own laws impose and a dozen more, the agent has the right to turn persons back either because he is not convinced of their assurance of self-support, because of any doubts about their general health, because of suspicions as to their fitness to become Canadian citizens.

For various reasons it is not always desirable to state the actual cause of rejection, if merely to avoid friction. There is one race in the United States, for instance, which Canada has decided presents a problem with which she does not wish to be bothered. When they reach the border, they are told they are not fitted to stand the rigors of the northern climate, though there are thousands of them already in Canada. Lack of health is also often made the excuse of barring people who are suspected of political beliefs which Canada does not desire to import.

Canada is given the benefit of the doubt in every uncertain case. All this, of course, is centrally controlled, and not subject to the whims of individual agents. The discretion given them can be corrected quickly by appeal, yet it enables the authorities to use a flexibility and diplomacy in their filtering process which saves much friction, while giving them absolute control of the quality of immigration. So, with very few exceptions Canada gets no one whom she does not want for neighbors and citizens. Her filter is far more effective than ours, yet imposes far fewer hardships. She has faced all the difficulties which have prevented our applying a scientific system and beaten them. Her solutions have been far simpler than our futile compromises; her experience shows what we can do if we wish.

Six Immortals

Condensed from *The Mentor* (Dec. '23)

A. B. Maurice, Former Editor of *The Bookman*

ROBIN HOOD — King Arthur — Lemuel Gulliver — Robinson Crusoe—Greatheart—Cinderella. These heroes are no mere story-book characters—they stand with the real heroes of history. They have grown not only into books, into plays, into operas, and into moving pictures, but they have grown into the hearts of youth and age, and have become a real part of the life of the people. The working girl elevated by chance to affluence is only Cinderella in a new dress. The 20th century castaway on a desert island is only a modern Robinson Crusoe. The brave, daredevil who dashes into romantic adventure, and gets into trouble while serving his friends, plays up the spirit of Robin Hood.

There is a familiar saying that there are only seven original plots, and that all the stories that have ever been told are merely variations of these plots. Among the first of the seven is the plot of Cinderella and the Silver Slipper. So long as the human heart throbs to romance and men and women build day-dreams and hope that these come true, Cinderella will be a real and vital figure. The tale has 345 variations. There are many incidents common to them all—such as the hearth abode, the helpful animals (mice, etc.), the heroine disguise, the lovesick prince. But the one incident that determines the Cinderella tale proper is the recognition of the heroine by her slipper. In the Greek tale, the slipper is carried off by an eagle and dropped into the lap of the king of Egypt, who seeks and marries the owner. In the Hindu tale, the rajah's daughter loses her slipper in the forest, where it is found by the prince. The Zuni Indian version is called "Poor Turkey Girl." . . . Of

all fairy romances, "Cinderella" is the best example of the class called "tales of wish-fulfillment."

And now for Robin Hood, the romantic freebooter of Sherwood Forest. Robin-o'-the-Wood was the symbol of the yearnings of the great common people of his land and time when they were bowed beneath the oppressor's yoke. He was, first of all, the people's hero. The other heroes of the same general age were all of the noble class. The bold and generous outlaw of Sherwood Forest, robbing the rich to relieve the needs of the poor, letting fly his shaft against the king in mail armor, was a popular champion whose counterpart exists in the folk tales of all nations. He was born of the heart-throb, the aspiration, the day-dream of his age. Heavy was Norman yoke on Saxon neck. The songs of this mysterious champion of an oppressed people were messages that strengthened hearts. "My theory," says Mr. Hunter the historian, "is that Robin Hood is not a mere poetic conception; he is a person who had a veritable existence quite within historic time."

As Robin Hood was the symbol of Saxon resistance to the conquering Norman, King Arthur was the symbol of the resistance of the Celt to the conquering Saxon. The mountains of the wild Wales were the Sherwood Forest of the earlier legend, which was common both to Britain and France, which grew into the "Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth," into the "Romances of the Round Table," into Sir Thomas Malory's "Noble Histories of King Arthur," and which, 14 centuries later, was to move Tennyson to compose his "Idylls of a King," and Mark Twain to write "A Yankee at

the Court of King Arthur." "The king whose exploits fill all the poetry of the Middle Ages"—that line expresses the value of the Arthurian legend. It was the beginning of a cycle of romances that will endure as long as language lasts.

Whether the series of exploits attributed to him be all true or not, one thing is certain: there was a real Arthur, one of the last Celtic chiefs in Great Britain. The presumptive historical facts are that Arthur was a leader of the Celtic tribe of the west of England against the Saxons in the 5th or 6th century, that he was largely responsible for the brave resistance of his people, and that he was slain in battle about the year 540, after which the Celtic passed under the Saxon yoke. Beaten in arms, the Celts sought refuge in songs, and with every new chant the figure of Arthur grew larger and the note more heroic. . . . The legend of King Arthur, magnified with every new version, was the expression of a great dream of chivalry.

A thousand minds or more collaborated in the making of Robin Hood and King Arthur. But Lemuel Gulliver, of "Gulliver's Travels," was the creation of one mind—one of the most amazing in all history. When, in 1722, Jonathan Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels," Norman and Saxon and Celt had been merged into one England, and the day of the knight in armor had long since passed. Yet Swift saw that injustice and tyranny were still in the land, and to castigate the folly of his age he sent forth the Gulliver of his fancy to visit the imaginary kingdoms of the Lilliputians and the Brobdingnagians. The age of Swift leaped to the satire that was found in the extravagant adventures of Gulliver. A great immortal, Lemuel Gulliver, another born of a dream, but this time a dream of intense bitterness.

It has been said that the most dramatic scene in all literature is where Robinson Crusoe on his desert island comes upon the footprint in the sand. At any rate, no one is

likely to question the right of Crusoe to be classed among the great immortals. He too is the expression of a dream to which Daniel Defoe happened to be the first to give permanent expression, but which is a common heritage of all mankind. Countless are the presentations in fiction, on the stage, and on the screen of the Crusoe situation—a man cut off from the rest of human kind and dependent upon his own exertions and ingenuity. The story is founded upon the real adventures of Alexander Selkirk, whom Defoe used to meet at the Red Lion Inn, in Bristol, England. Clad in goatskins, the sailor used to recount wondrous tales of his exploits. Defoe placed his hero on an island off the Orinoco. In Venezuela, because he knew that location better, but Juan Fernandez was the scene of Selkirk's experience.

In the 17th century there lived in England the son of a tinker, who tramped from one end of the county to the other as an itinerant preacher. Some of his doctrines conflicted with the ideas of the authorities, and from time to time John Bunyan spent long terms in the county jail. There he dreamed, and out of his dreams there grew a book—one of the most famous of all the books in the world. In Greatheart, one of the figures in the second part of "Pilgrim's Progress," we have one of the great immortals. Greatheart was created a heroic character, to beat off the lions, to guard his wards through the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and finally, at Doubting Castle, to hew from his shoulders the head of the sinister Giant despair.

Here are six immortals. They are all of the stuff of which great dreams are made—which means the best and the bravest of all stuff of which human life is made.

Exit—The "Yellow Menace"

Condensed from *Asia* (Dec. '23)

Charles S. Reifsnider

BEFORE the earthquake Japan had decided on a new foreign policy; namely, the attainment of national power, not through imperial, militaristic expansion, but through industrial development. The method of the new policy was to be cultivation of friendship with the neighbors of Japan possessing the raw materials it must have and able to guarantee its supplies. The earthquake has unquestionably fixed this policy.

The great decision in regard to Japan's future was taken by the Hara Cabinet five years ago. The military policy of imperial expansion had reached its climax in the regime just preceding. It had failed. Japan was hated by China and by aggression in China had brought the Chinese boycott, which injured the trade of Japan and virtually shut the country off from Chinese raw materials. The rest of the world shared this dislike. The Hara Cabinet quietly set the new policy in motion. After Hara's assassination, Premier Kato expanded its scope. Upon his death Count Yamamoto, his successor, took up the liberal program in a similar spirit.

Immediately after the earthquake, the Cabinet cut the army and navy appropriation in the budget. This action has been passed over in a line or two of cable despatch, but it sums up the effect of the disaster upon Japan's future. It means the end of the military power. The case is obvious. Every cent available is necessary for economic reconstruction, if Japan is to hold its commercial position.

Japan's new destiny is great. She possesses great capacity for well-organized modern industry. As a shipping nation, it is established. Its

present policy of winning world markets by good-will will secure all the raw materials it needs. Its destiny is economic, not military. Out of the earthquake I have seen a transformation in attitude take place in both Japan and the United States. I left Japan for the United States two weeks after the earthquake; I have therefore seen from both sides of the Pacific the new relation so speedily established between Japan and our Country.

The immediate response of America to Japan's need came as a tremendous surprise to the Japanese people. In traveling in and out of Tokyo on the trains and afoot, with the refugees, I heard over and over such words as these: "We have suspected the intentions of the United States toward us. As we saw its power revealed in the war, we felt that sooner or later this power would be used against us. We heard you Americans say that the exclusion of Japanese from California was not a matter of race prejudice but a question of economics. We heard your words of friendship but did not believe them. But now that you have so wonderfully come to our relief, we know that your friendship must be real. Such help could not have been possible if your attitude toward us were one of racial hatred."

Ambassador Woods, Colonel Burnett and their associates in the relief work, have done an international service in cementing good will between America and Japan. They went to the Japanese government and virtually said: "Here is this money and here are we. Use us as you see fit." Thus they freed the Japanese from the handicaps incidental to foreign-administered relief. The Americans

commandeered all American motor-cars. Young American business men drove them. The intimacy of the relationship between the Japanese and the Americans working together brought much more than mutual regard. It brought affection.

The certainty that Japan after the earthquake has a greater destiny than before lies in the nature of its present leadership, which is sound and progressive. The choice of Premier Yamamoto's Cabinet is a striking evidence of departure into new fields. General Baron Tanaka, the new minister of war, is a liberal whose policies won him the opposition of the military clans in the past. Admiral Tararabe, minister of the navy, is the Premier's son-in-law. Baron Ijuin, minister of foreign affairs, knows the Chinese situation with its pitfalls; for, while he was Japanese minister at Peking, he had ample opportunity to study China. He is Japan's expert on China, and China is the crux of Japan's foreign policy. Viscount Goto, minister of home affairs, is responsible, more than any other man, for the change in Japan's foreign policy. He once advocated imperialism, but changed almost overnight. The presence in the Cabinet of the two foremost men of finance and business in Japan, is, however, probably the most convincing evidence of the liberal character of Japan's present leadership. Dr. Takuma Dan, minister of commerce, was formerly head of the great Mitsui interests; and Mr. Inouye, minister of finance, was formerly governor of the Bank of Japan. Dr. Dan will be remembered as head of the commission of business men who visited this country after the war. I have long known Mr. Inouye, and I do not know a finer spirit in any land. Ministers of the type of these two far-seeing business men could not possibly do otherwise than rule that Japan's

duty, first and last, is to allow in its economic structure the minimum space for a militaristic plant.

Ambassador Masanao Hanihara, of Washington, has made this statement: "For many years I have been devoting my efforts to the task of convincing my countrymen that the heart of America is not only sound but kindly. I have lived among you Americans long enough to know. In spite of my efforts, and those of my friends, the understanding we sought to bring about was not complete. But now, at one stroke, the response of America, spontaneous and open-handed, has displayed to my country the generous, innermost heart of America, and my countrymen, through this intervention of Providence have reached a final knowledge of the truth."

I regard Japan today as a greater, stronger nation than before its tremendous losses. I believe that the earthquake has given it the opportunity to become the moral, spiritual and material leader of Asia. I see in the forces behind its present leadership and in the character revealed by its people during the earthquake a promise that the true spirit of Japan will be asserted as never before. I see the disaster marking the first page of another era of Japanese history. In it will be manifest the Japan we first knew, sturdy and independent, courteous and generous. Seasoned by the mistakes of the past decade, which, justly or not, aroused our suspicion and that of others, the new Japan will expect fair play from the world and will know that the only lasting security lies in winning and keeping the regard of other peoples. Fortunately, Japanese fear of the attitude of the world, as well as western mistrust of Japanese intentions, has been eliminated.

Labor Unions at the Danger Line

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (Dec. '23)

F. Lauriston Bullard

THE labor-leader returns again and again to "the conspiracy of organized interests to destroy the labor unions." It is his defense to the public when Labor is assailed. It is his challenge to Labor when his followers waver in the ranks. These leaders are blind to the signs of the times. For what they describe as a plot to destroy unionism is chiefly the natural reaction of society against the outrageous tyrannies of intolerant labor-dictatorship. The worm is turning. Once labor could count confidently upon public support in its clashes with Capital. Labor was the "under dog." That time is far past. Labor now can count upon public support only when it demonstrates the justice of its case. Authorized practices that destroy efficiency, limit output, increase costs enormously, produce a labor monopoly, have united to cause that rising tide of resentment which is called a "conspiracy."

That building labor deserves the reprobation to which now it is exposed no one who knows the record can doubt. The bill of particulars would fill many volumes. It is true of the plumbers' unions in at least two of our greatest cities that no applicant can become a member of the union unless he is the father, the brother, or the son of an existing member. To cut a small door through a hollow-tile partition in an office building requires 12 classes of labor, three weeks of time, and \$250 in money. Any person of ordinary intelligence can operate an electric converter, merely throwing a switch, and lubricating the apparatus; running such a machine night and day nets two men \$280 a week and they average about 2 hours of toil to 22

of smoking and gossip. No nonunion X-ray expert may work on the same job with union electricians, but after they have wasted a full fortnight of time—at regular union rates!—the expert, by some special dispensation, is permitted to return, and in eight hours he completes the transfer of the X-ray outfit from one hospital to another. For one- and two-family houses the union flat requires three coats of plaster, although the law contemplates but two, and the difference in cost is oppressive to tenants.

Hoisting engineers close their books against new members, but allow excluded craftsmen who obviously are eligible to membership to work week by week on a "permit" card for which a sizable fee is assessed. One Electrical Union thus collected \$250,000 in one year. St. Patrick's Day is not a national holiday, but a union including men of all nationalities and creeds fined the members who worked on that day. Union painters must use brushes of prescribed dimensions, and on a union job no time-saving paint-sprayer is permissible. Pulsometers pump water from excavations; when a pump is relocated two steamfitters, two plumbers, three ironworkers, and one engineer are required to do what two men could do as well and more rapidly.

Many of the building trades do work somewhat similar in character. The organization intends to delimit rigidly the boundaries of each union, but the frontiers overlap and conflicts result. In the construction of an immense power house the laying of certain pipes amounted to one two-hundredth of the whole cost. Both the steamfitters and plumbers claimed that detail. There was a strike,

and not a stroke of work could be done on the whole plant until that dispute was adjusted. On the witness stand the contractor testified that all his life he had been a union man, that he cared not which of the two unions might win in the controversy, that he had begged repeatedly for a decision, and that now, having lost \$25,000 on this contract, he was marked for life as a man who has had "trouble" with labor, and could look forward only to ruin. On the stand also Mr. Gompers conceded the facts in this case, confessed its iniquity, admitted his inability to rectify such indefensible practices—and refused absolutely to agree to the necessity of rectification by any outside agency.

These illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely. The construction industry, with its 2,000,000 workers, is probably second only in size to agriculture in this country. Building is held to be the barometer of our industrial life. And this vast industry in most of our large cities has been so cunningly manipulated as to assess upon the citizens a system of graft that out-Tweeds Tweed.

By deliberate manipulation for the purpose of reducing the supply, the unions play for an artificial prosperity today and let tomorrow take care of itself. The craftsmen themselves are dwindling in number, the apprentices far more rapidly. [See "The Disappearing Apprentice," Reader's Digest, Sept. '23.] The unions reason also that it is to their advantage to fix by arbitrary decree the amount of work that shall be done by a single craftsman and to prevent any ambitious workman from exceeding the limit either by speed or skill. All the men in the same classification shall conform to the same dead level. Various unions under heavy penalties forbid "rushing." Others prohibit "an unreasonable amount of work by any member." The Employers' Association of Indiana computes that

in 1921 it cost more than three times as much to lay a thousand bricks as five years before.

In the cities the consequence of these oppressive restrictions came to their fullest development. The story of San Francisco's fight for freedom is almost an epic. No city in the United States has ever been more completely under the control of labor unions than for 25 years was San Francisco. The unions dictated every detail in industrial conditions, twice captured the city government, always had representatives in many city departments, and ejected from political life any public man who offended them. Year by year their rules became more exacting. Labor tyranny drove existing plants out of town, and kept away prospective industries. In strike-time pickets actually organized a union and struck for more pay. When the port was completely tied up, and merchants were begging for permits to remove perishable goods from ships, no one could penetrate the lines without an order signed by the union leader. The Government of the United States had to obtain a "passage through the picket lines" in order to go aboard a vessel and haul specie to the sub-treasury. At last the president of the Building Trades Council, long accustomed to act as sole arbitrator in all times of "trouble," calmly repudiated an award of a board of arbitrators and dismissed them — a Catholic archbishop, a Supreme Court judge, and an industrial expert. Then the business men rebelled; after an all-day and all-night session they announced their purpose to have no more dealings with the labor czar and began a campaign for liberty.

The unions must be reformed. The record, alas! justifies no hope that Labor itself will perform this duty. They have no use for trained and sympathetic intelligence not stamped with the union label. (To be continued.)

Rome

Condensed from *Woman's Home Companion* (Nov. '23)

Ernest Poole

WE sat facing the rostrum of the Forum where stood the Roman orators with temples upon either hand and the tomb of Caesar at our backs, where his body was burned, and in the night the mob rushed about with torches crying for vengeance on his blood. As a friend, who knew the Forum well, began to point out this and that, fervently within my soul I thanked God for "Andy" West, who back in Princeton long ago had roused my imagination to the glory of Pagan Rome. For now the pictures rose again—of mighty speeches thundered here, of crimes committed in this place, conspiracies and plans for conquest, bloody victories abroad and processions of triumph tumultuous and terrible, with chariots flashing in the sun, with clash and blare and vivid hues, and lines of captives bound and chained—in the days of proud Imperial Rome.

Still lower down beneath those stones was another Rome, of the early Republic, and still deeper lay a town of ancient prehistoric days. Down in a cramped, chilly crevice, into which we climbed with our friend, we found two men. One was the Minister of Public Works of the Italy of today. His companion held an electric torch on a damp block of granite there, into which thousands of years ago had been chiseled an inscription in signs that no archaeologist has yet been able to make out. A stark old stone, deep under Rome. What history has it to tell?

A city of contrasts, sharp and deep, a meeting place of old and new—this is the unique fascination of Rome. The past is here. You find it in ruins grand and grim, confronting the busy scenes of today. And

aware of the dramatic values in these contrasts, the Italians have made these meeting points the very loveliest spots of the town, and the places where its life goes on. The many huge old palaces, of soft yellow, pink, or gray, that meet one's eyes at every turn, are not empty: people live in them. We dined and lunched with various friends. All had apartments in palaces. And when we went one morning to see a charming woman, who is now directing a modern woman's magazine, we found that her office took up a dozen lofty rooms in a palace, too. And so it was, all over town. Its arches and its fountains and gaunt ruins from the past were garbed in fresh spring loveliness, with vines and flowers everywhere.

And much of this change has been wrought in our time. Until a generation ago, the Forum, birthplace of so many great foundation principles on which civilization rests today, was a market place for pigs and cows, its arches and its columns half buried in dirt. This at last has been cleared away. Down and down they dug until they had cleared the whole vast space, deep below the level of the modern city. And then they made it a garden, too. Over its ruined temples, its fallen columns and great stones, was the loveliness that afternoon of vines and tiny flowers, filling in the scars and wounds, not hiding but making more pronounced the stark grandeur of it all.

We went to the Colosseum one day and found it lovely, also, with green—but not so lovely as to hide the stone caverns out of which sprang the wild beasts, or the dungeon of the Christians, nor to soften the gorgeous, terrible picture of the place as it used to be, with eighty thou-

sand smiling as the beasts sprang roaring from their holes, and the martyrs fell upon their knees. The stones of the Colosseum, they say, were carried here by a double chain of slaves that reached for thirty miles to quarries in a mountainside. They passed the stones from hand to hand! How many thousand backs were broken?

These great stones, in ruined walls and arches and colossal columns, rear up through the crust of the city today. How many are still to be brought to view? All Rome, they say, is resting on layers of earlier cities beneath. We lunched with friends in a palace. Deep beneath, they told us, was a theatre many centuries old, with a veritable mine of marbles buried down there in the dark. On another day we entered a church, and descending a long flight of steps came to another church beneath, of the early Christian days, a low vaulted cellar, dark and chill. And still farther down we went, to a Pagan temple of Mithras, with an enormous altar stone, once red with the blood of animals.

Churches, churches everywhere. I remember one that we entered at dusk. It was in a famous old palace, open to the public on one day of every year. A gorgeous, lovely, intimate place. Behind us a narrow little door led back to living rooms, now closed—and the chapel led back, for us that day, to ages that have gone by. What great dames had come in here and prayed to their God, by day and by night? What confessions had been heard? And what had this religion to do with life in these noisy modern times?

As I wandered down the street, I saw on every hand black shirts of the Fascisti. It was with the Fascisti boys that we saw Mussolini while we were in Rome—on a lovely Sunday afternoon. We had gone up that morning into the Borghese Gardens, where we came upon a great shallow bowl which is used for games and spectacles. It was a beautiful spot, with its dark girdle of cypress trees

and of huge majestic pines set against the blue sky. To the sound of drums, groups of young Fascista lads kept arriving to take part in their weekly drill. For Mussolini has sent the word all through Italy, "Train your boys. Make them athletic, make them strong." Fifteen hundred boys in all, from older lads to mites of eight. Soon the bugle calls were heard; and with much excitement the groups began marching this way and that, until the whole field was a bobbing mass of color.

The youngsters were drawn up in a great rectangle now. A bugle call, and they came to attention while through the crowd of spectators a man on horseback made his way. He leaped off and walked onto the field. It was Mussolini. As he passed each company, his right arm swung upward and straight out in front of him, and in reply up came each time a hundred arms—small, excited, rigid arms—in the old salute of the Romans of many centuries ago. When he had made the entire round, he waved his hand to the youngsters, and sharp and clear in answer came a cheer, one single burst of sound. He turned to his horse and rode away alone through the crowd. I recalled that question I had heard: "If they are against him, why don't they kill him?"

When he had gone, the long lines of boys began to move and march away. And a half hour later—from the brow of the Pincian Hill—we saw the lines of youngsters, with their banners and their bands and their shirts of black or blue, led by their red-capped cyclists, go singing down a winding road—back into the old city so vibrant with new life these days, but so filled with dark old palaces, too, and with churches ages old, and with great stark pillars and piles of stone—mute witnesses through two thousand years of so many other dreams of youth, visions of glory, plans, and schemes.

What Is Success?

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (Dec. '23)

H. G. Wells

TO do nothing at all is not the only form of failure. One may have, as people say, risen in the world, one may have acquired possessions and securities, may be well known enough to be an attraction to that detestable midge, the autograph collector, and may still doubt whether any sort of Success can really be claimed for one's life. Success is something more than just getting on and stirring one's fellow creatures to envy, respect, and tiresome attentions. Besides the Failure that looks like Failure, the sort of Failure we all know about, there is the Failure that looks like Success.

Lord Beaverbrook, the brightest and most interesting of our modern rich men in Britain, recently has written a book upon this subject of Success. The ingredients of Success, he explains, are simply three: Judgment, which can be improved from small beginnings; Industry, which can be acquired as a habit; and Health, which is attainable by all who choose to take the trouble. But the most interesting thing in the book is a little streak of doubt running through it, whether the sort of success it expounds is Success at all. It is business success he is writing about, he insists, success in "the only field of success I know." As the book runs on one finds Lord Beaverbrook making it clear that the "Temple of Success" is not the "Temple of Happiness," and speculating whether one might not get into the Temple of Success and yet fail to find the shrine of happiness therein. These are not the single-track ideas of the vulgar successful man, who is as incapable of self-questionings as a fattening pig; and it is this fact that makes his doubts about his achievements such interesting testimony. And I think those doubts will grow until

he realizes that the issue between success and failure in his case is still an open one, that he has attained so far but wealth and considerable power, nothing, in fact, except opportunity, and that only by his use of his present opportunities can he or anyone judge the ultimate quality of his life. He has arrived—tremendously—but he hasn't so far achieved anything that amounts either to failure or success. His past still lies before him.

It has fallen to me to know one or two men of very great prominence pretty closely, men accounted enormous successes by most of the world. I have followed the career of Lord Northcliffe, for example, with attentive curiosity and that of Mr. Lloyd George. And to me these two present themselves as tremendous failures. But then the reader must remember that my standards are unorthodox; I account Napoleon I also as a tremendous failure. These men have done nothing but sprawl across the attention of mankind.

Let me choose Lord Northcliffe as my type specimen of the art of failure. His capture of the London "Times" marked a profound political and social revolution. It would not have been a completer revolution if he had hung dukes from lamp posts. Up to that time Britain had been, in reality, an aristocratic country. A small group of old families, great landowners, dominated British affairs. They supplied the heads to the two great parties; all the governorships, the big places in the army and diplomacy were in their hands, to defy them was to cut one's self from most of the prizes that British life can offer. And it seemed to them that their power and prestige came by the nature of things and must always continue. The "Times,"

then the greatest newspaper in the world, had always served their ends faithfully; the rest of the press followed suit. That the "Times" suffered from financial distress meant nothing to these great personages. When presently it was for sale, all the patricians together had neither the sense nor the enterprise to buy it. They let it go into Northcliffe's (then A. C. Harmsworth) hands.

Hitherto it had been the effective device of the British patricians to assimilate and subdue any new rich men by giving them peerages. But Northcliffe set the fashion among big proprietor journalists of disregarding his new aristocratic dignity. He declined to be assimilated, and the forces of the time were with him. He used the immense powers his papers gave him with disrespect. The power of the landed oligarchy passed. Today the great British patricians of 1900, of the type of Balfour, the Cecil, Grey and so forth are but the shriveled mummies of their former greatness.

Northcliffe's ambition had been to create and own newspapers. His realm spread amazingly from the purveying of weekly bales of snippets and readable twaddle and such errand-boy joys as "Comic Cuts." At the age of forty-odd he found himself possessing all the newspapers he had ever hoped for in the wildest dreams of his youth. And what to do with them he did not know. He had been too busy to think beyond his immediate problems. My sense of the tragedy of his aimlessness deepened at each encounter. He was surrounded by flatterers, and at times for days together he gave up wholesome stimulants and lived on flattery as a drunkard lives on brandy. During the war, he gave himself, altogether to "winning the war"; but outside of that, he directed his newspapers to no particular end.

Note that it is not because Mr. Lloyd George has fallen from office and power and that Lord Northcliffe

died in a phase of mental eclipse that I count them unsuccessful. Lincoln, the savior of American Unity, died tragically, but I count him a supremely successful man. Jesus of Nazareth was no failure, though he died a felon's death. Lord Bacon prepared a great foundation for scientific inquiry, his works live forever, and his last days cannot detract from his enduring success. I count Shakespeare a successful man, though he seems to have died half paralyzed and sunk to the level of a parochial somebody. Sir Christopher Wren, Shelley, drugged and diseased Edgar Allan Poe, Charles Darwin. Such names are stars in the heavens of successful living. If I were asked to add contemporary names, I should mention J. M. Keynes and Professor Albert Einstein. Here are two men whose intellectual aptitudes have been realized to the utmost, each in his measure giving a fine critical faculty its utmost scope and playing the part of a light in a tangle of darkness and confusion.

This is real and living success. If their work has been done in a field altogether outside the limelight of public attention, they would still have to be accounted successful men.

I am not comparing gifts but criticizing the use of gifts. Lord Northcliffe and his like have no pride in their gifts, but only in themselves. He came into life when a new and great public in Great Britain was in need of a new press to give it information, light, and leading. He gave it, instead, the commonest stuff it would stand. He might have created a new great public organ of expression and a new power in the State. He created a group of papers which is a propaganda on cheap and stale ideas and still—though a dwindling—danger to the world. And Mr. Lloyd George with his gifts and opportunities might have done as greatly as Lincoln. At the end of his war, Lincoln talked of reconciliation; Lloyd George talked of searching the pockets of his prostrate enemy. It is time that we recognize that wealth, notoriety, place and power are no measure of success whatever. The only true measure of success is the ratio between what we might have been and what we might have done, on the one hand, and the thing we have made and the thing we have made of ourselves, on the other.

With Fire and Fraud

Condensed from the Scientific American (Dec. '23)

Edward H. Smith

IN spite of our great progress in fireproof construction, America remains worse afflicted with fire losses than any other western land, a curious fact when one brings to mind the old cities of Europe, with their narrow cluttered streets, their lack of fire fighting apparatus and the dry mould of their centuries. A tremendous struggle is in progress between destructive fire and the agencies of defense and preservation. And it is a far deeper struggle owing to the fact that fire is being used every day by criminals. The fire setter is in all communities. His ruins monument every townside in the land.

Purposeful fires among merchants became a common jest long before the birth of any man now living. We all know how old a thing it is to insure a \$5,000 stock for \$8,000 and shortly set the match. Such tricks have become more and more difficult, yet the result has not been to drive fire setters out of business, but to sharpen their wits. This is the chief preoccupation of a large and growing class of criminals against whom no really effective measures have yet been developed.

The rationale of commercial arson needs to be understood. It is often said that firing seldom figures in fake bankruptcy cases. The truth is otherwise. Many crooked merchants consider it far cleverer technique to burn out their nearly empty stores after the valuable part of the stock has been secreted. In that case the creditors seize the insurance money, but what matter to the thief. He has his goods.

One of the recent devices employed by mercantile fire setters was discovered in downtown New York when an intruding watchman found the infernal machine before it had time to

do its work. It consisted of the shallow round top of a butter tub, which had been filled with cotton impregnated with gasoline. In the center stood a lighted candle. Tacked pregnated with gasoline. In the each supporting a rubber bladder filled with gasoline. The candle was lighted when the proprietor closed his shop, and was of such a length so as to do its deadly work between three and four o'clock in the morning. The flame from the cotton would heat the gasoline in the bladders. In a few minutes the expanding gas would burst the bladders and throw the flaming gasoline to all parts of the store. Flame would thus spring up in a score of places at once and the explosion would surely destroy all vestige of the mechanism. Furthermore, the floor had been soaked with gasoline at various points, and near the mechanism had been draped lace curtains and other highly inflammable materials. In this single case the firebug failed. In how many others of the sort did he succeed?

In an upstate city of New York an Italian grocer and general merchant occupied the ground floor of a building. Upstairs lived a Syrian artist with his family. In the basement was a hot-air furnace, the pipes from which ran to registers in both floors. Late, one cold night last winter the Syrian awoke and smelled a strong odor of gasoline. He went down stairs and forced his way into the grocery store. Just as he did so, he saw a shadowy figure retreat to the alley and drive off in a motor car. Inside the store the Syrian found a 5-gallon water cooler from which gasoline was dripping. Underneath it were piled two large cases of parlor matches. In the center of the

floor stood two tubs containing some 15 gallons of gasoline. The Syrian turned off the dripping faucet, opened the doors and windows and set off for the Italian's home. To his surprise, he found a celebration going on. The Italian's son was being christened, and among the guests were the chief of police, some other city officials and politicians. The grocer tried to put the Syrian off, saying that he could not leave the christening because a little oil was leaking. Finally, the irate Syrian appealed to the police chief. He entered the shop and found a general arrangement of materials for a quick, disastrous fire. Undoubtedly, had the Syrian and his family been in their beds when the crash came, they would have been blown to kingdom come. The Italian had expected the furnace in the basement to cause the conflagration, as soon as enough of the gasoline had dripped through the floor and formed a gas. The plotters were naturally committed to Auburn.

Fire setters have often tried to simulate the natural phenomenon of spontaneous combustion. One such method is to pack a barrel half full of oil waste, with a tiny spark burning in the middle. Then the barrel is packed full and tight with old clothes, greasy papers, etc. The little fire in the center will smoulder for six hours or for sixty, according to the closeness of the packing. Usually the arsonist waits for a week-end, and he is likely to sprinkle gasoline around the barrel, and place other combustibles near by. If by any chance the fire is got under hand before it has a chance to flare up well, the origin of the blaze must be found in a barrel of waste and only the expert will suspect that this spontaneous thing was a work of art.

Cliques of fire specialists now operate in all parts of the country. These organized gangs consist of the crooked fire insurance agent, the crooked insurance inspector, the crooked merchant, the expert fire-

setter and the crooked insurance adjuster. The crooked agent, who originally wrote the policies, sends the claim to his company with the recommendation that it be paid, as the loss is complete and the merchant a worthy man. The crooked inspector and adjuster then pass on the claim.

A few years ago a shoe dealer in Atlantic City vanished with a large stock of costly merchandise. Among the few papers he left behind was a bill for a dozen animal satchels. Then it was discovered that these satchels had been reshipped to the man's father living in a small town in Pennsylvania. An investigator went to Pennsylvania and found that this old man was supposed to be an animal trainer. Posing as a circus man the investigator called on the old man and literally forced his way into his house. In the kitchen the detective found a specially fitted gas jet over a small table. Under it snoozed two cats. One of them got up as he came in, arched her back lazily, lifted a paw and pulled the short chain of the gas tap, lighting the mantle from a small pilot... The old man was training cats for arson. A merchant who wanted a fire bought one of the cats and had a gas jet rigged in the basement. A little pilot, which burned day and night, set off an ordinary gas tip. The cat had her table just under this device and amused herself by playing with the chain, turning the flame up and down as the old man taught her. Then the night of the disaster the merchant removed the tip from the gas jet and when pussy pulled the chain a great flame sprang up, igniting inflammables which had been arranged above it. The old man and his son were both sent to prison for long terms. But how many have escaped?

Perhaps, O magnanimous reader! as you read these pages in the gusty nights of December, some such Yule fires will be burning in your town.

Whether Protestant, Catholic, or Jew

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (Dec. '23)

William G. Shepherd

Roosevelt, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge have warned us that this nation, founded on religious faith, can be maintained only through a like faith. If the children are not taught that faith, it will die. What shall we do about it?

THERE goes a little fellow, with the crises of life ahead of him.

Part of his equipment for life ought to be to know how to pray; this is the equipment of all men who have been great. Even a simple "Now I Lay Me" is a help. But where can American children learn prayer? More than one-half of Americans are not reached by any church, Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish. "Only one child in four is in actual attendance at Sunday school," officially reports the American Sunday School Union. And half of the 27,000,000 school children in the United States are prevented by law or regulations or custom from hearing the Bible read in school. With over 10,000,000 unchurched homes, with 28,000,000 Sunday-schoolless youth, and with 13,000,000 debarred from hearing Bible reading in the public schools, where is a fellow going to learn to pray?

I want my children to receive religious instruction in the public schools. And I don't care whether their teacher is Protestant, Catholic, or Jew. I believe that any teacher could be so equipped, under the science of pedagogy, that she could instruct in religion. My children enter the public school, not as Protestants or Catholics, but as future citizens of the United States. Without religion they miss the greatest part of their life equipment—as Americans.

Nothing has caused me to go off at half-cock on this question. As a magazine writer I have never more thoroughly investigated any subject. And I am convinced that hundreds of thousands of parents in America—men and women of no churches and of all churches—believe that religious instruction can properly be given in the public schools. In my investigation I came across even unchurched homes a plenty, where the fathers and mothers are beginning to seek religious instruction of some sort for their children. In fact, I find that it is safe to say this: A great movement is growing to obtain religious instruction of some sort for our children. There have been club or community movements for this purpose in Cleveland, Toledo, Gary and Hammond, Ind., So. Evanston, Ill., and other cities.

Why do we want religious instruction for our children? Because it is slowly dawning on us that our children have something more than intellect; they have souls also. We're just a little afraid that we'll sound "mushy" talking on this subject of "soul." But we don't know any other name for it; and we do know that we want it used in the daily lives of our children and developed in their education. For it is that part of a child where character is formed. As Theodore Roosevelt said:

In this country we rightly pride ourselves upon our widespread popular education. With education of the mind must go spiritual teaching which will make us turn the trained intellect to good account. A man whose intellect has been educated while, at the same time, his moral education has been neglected, is only the more dangerous to the community because of the exceptional, additional power he has acquired.

We want to have our children prepared for the moral struggles of life. We know there is something that

counts more than intelligence. "It is a good thing to be clever, to be able, to be smart"—Roosevelt, again—"but it is better to have the qualities that find their expression in the Decalogue and the Golden Rule. Honesty, first; then courage; then brains." We want school lessons that will emphasize these things in just about the order Roosevelt gives them. We don't want spiritual illiteracy for our children. We would not send them to gymnasiums where they would be trained to use only half of their bodies. We want the souls of our children to be made strong; we do not want to turn them out into the world with "moral natures that turn black and blue at the least shock from forces of evil."

Another reason is: Our nation and the world needs religion. We are hearing this on all sides. We ourselves are seeing the truth of it. Great statesmen raise their voices in alarm. "Pray for God's help," said Lloyd George, facing unconquerable world conditions. "We must turn to spiritual things to avoid revolution," is the gist of Woodrow Wilson's warning. "We want God to know that we are depending upon Him," Harding told his neighbors at Marion before he left for Washington. And this is the way Calvin Coolidge hooks up religion with the sort of democracy we're trying to get in these United States.

It was because religion gave the people a new importance and a new glory that they demanded a new freedom and a new government. We can not in our generation reject the cause and retain the result. If the institutions they adopted are to survive, if the government which they founded is to endure, it will be because the people continue to have similar religious beliefs. It is idle to discuss freedom and equality on any other basis. It is useless to expect substantial reforms from any other motive. They must come from within.

Business men, too, are telling us that we must take God into business with us. In one of the greatest charitable drives in recent years, managed by some of the most successful business men in the United States,

the motto on great bill-boards all over the land, was: "God gave it to you. Pass some of it along." The name "God" is really beginning to have a personal meaning for us. And some of us are coming to believe that what we need everywhere in American life today is not more brain power, but more heart power. Some call the term "mushy." Yet there isn't a hard-headed military man in the world who thinks that heart power is a "mushy" thing; it is at heart power he aims his heaviest blows.

So, not as Catholics or Protestants or Jews, but as Americans, we are coming to realize the supreme necessity of heart power in our affairs. And, in our minds, God and religion are the source of heart power. But the public schools, in which one-sixth of our population spends its days, are Godless! This, I believe, after investigation, is not the wish of the American people.

Consider how deeply God and religion are imbedded in our institutions. The daily sessions of our law-making bodies are opened with prayer. Our Presidents kiss the Bible when they take the oath of office. Our various governments, city, county, state, and national, pay money to clergymen to minister to the souls of men in the army or in prisons. The name of God is repeated daily and awesomely in every courtroom, in the presence of every prisoner. Our children hear it in the juvenile courts. Acknowledgement of God appears on insurance policies, in business contracts, on steamship tickets and sometimes on railroad tickets. Every great lodge in America insists that its members believe in God.

But acknowledgement of God is practically barred from the public school system of the United States. And the amazing part of it all is that it is obviously unintentional. No one seems ever to have declared that religion (not creeds) should be barred from the American public schools.

(To be continued)

Reader's Digest Service

What Ford Is Doing Now

Condensed from Hearst's International (Dec. '23)

Allan L. Benson

THE Ford industries at present have a mechanical force behind them of 100,000 horsepower. Here comes the big news: Ford is increasing this to 500,000 horsepower. This will constitute the greatest mass of energy in the control of one man anywhere in the world. Problem: If Ford, beginning with a foot-lathe, gradually ran his power plant up to 100,000 horsepower, and thereby amassed a fortune of a billion dollars in 20 years, what will the Ford fortune be 20 years hence with a half million horsepower behind it?

The new power plant will be in operation within a few months. The generators are so large that no electrical manufacturing company could make them without special equipment. So the Ford Company is making its own generators. They weigh 450,000 pounds each. Each turbine is enclosed in a shell weighing 65 tons. These are the largest castings ever made. Moreover, each is cast in a single piece, an achievement that was deemed impossible until Ford accomplished it. To supply steam to keep the eight new turbines whirling, 7,500 tons of coal will be burned each day. Ford will mine it in his southern mines and haul it to the River Rouge plant over his own railroad with electricity generated in his new plant.

But this is the big part of the story: The new power plant will enable Ford to make his own steel and eliminate the profits that steel makers have made on Ford cars and tractors. But it will do more than that. It will make more millions out of coal smoke. Ford is a coal-smoke multimillionaire already. But he is not satisfied. He knows wealth is still escaping from him in the smoke. He is now putting in a system that will

squeeze about \$16,350 a day more out of the chimneys. In a year that will amount to almost five million dollars.

What one generation wastes makes the next one rich. Ford's chemists found 205 different ingredients in smoke. Hence, Ford installed the "high distillation process." About 1,800 degrees of heat was applied to the coal before it was put under the boilers to burn. The heat changed the coal into coke. It also sent off numerous gases. One gas when chilled and converted into liquid became benzol, another creosote, and others light oils, while still another became ammonia. Thus a ton of coal costing \$5 delivered, was converted into products worth \$11.38. This total would have been \$16.25, except that Ford sold his coke to employees last winter at \$8 a ton, when it was selling in Detroit at \$14.50 a ton.

Ford, however, clamored for a more efficient process of distillation. Finally, his engineers ran across Emil Piron, a Belgian chemical engineer. He had made laboratory experiments which promised great results. So Ford built a Piron plant, and the new method proved an unqualified success. He could have bought the patent rights for the United States, or the world, and gained a big advantage over all competitors but that is not his way.

The Piron low-temperature system sends an endless ribbon of powdered coal half an inch thick into a heated chamber where, in four minutes and at a temperature of about 1,200 degrees, \$5 worth of coal is converted into \$13.56 worth of products, as follows:

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------|
| Gas, 8,000 feet..... | \$2.40 |
| Gasoline, 10 gals. at 15 cents.. | 1.50 |
| Ammonium sulphate, 20 lbs.... | .60 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|------|
| Crude light tar, 30 gals..... | 1.65 |
| Creosote oil, 3 gals..... | .75 |
| Crude lubricating oil, 3 gals.. | .16 |
| Grease, 10 lbs..... | .50 |
| Coke, $\frac{3}{4}$ ton..... | 6.00 |

The coal travels on a conveyor that floats, as it slowly moves along, in a tank of molten lead. The coal itself is converted into semi-anthracite, though it is called coke. It can be briquetted and used for domestic purposes quite as satisfactorily as can anthracite itself. *The supply of soft coal is practically unlimited and it can all be converted into as good fuel as anthracite.*

Under the old system, benzol was produced, worth six cents a gallon. The Piron system produces gasoline, not benzol, and about five times as much of it.

The new Ford plant will make electricity at almost the water-power cost of producing current, because of what is saved from coal smoke. The process is comparatively simple and almost entirely automatic.

Ford's business is so big that 4,000 tons of scrap steel accumulate every day. He has been paying \$2 a ton to send this scrap back to the steel mills and \$2 a ton to bring the new steel back to him. Beginning next Spring, Ford will make his own steel, and he will save a freight bill on scrap steel alone of \$4,800,000 a year!

Ford has also set out to find out what is in wood and learned from his chemists that it contains about 50 different ingredients. They also told him that two-thirds of each tree is wasted in the form of slabs, trimmings, sawdust, knots and so on. As Ford has thousands of acres of standing timber in Michigan he set about to do for wood what he is doing for coal. A distillation plant is being

installed that will use all of the wood except the leaves and twigs. He will make charcoal, and take out gas, paint, paint-remover, light and heavy oils, calcium, paint-thinners and later possibly, synthetic rubber, chloroform, dye-stuffs and several medicines.

Ford has also made successful experiments in the making of heavy paper-board out of hard wood. Heretofore only long-grained soft woods such as spruce, poplar and similar trees have been used for paper-making. Now a paper mill will be built in Northern Michigan to make paper-board out of the waste from hardwood trees.

Shavings, straw and old rubber tires are now used to make the rims of Ford steering wheels. . . . In the process of smelting iron ore, Ford was troubled with the same slag that annoys householders who burn poor coal. The slag did not long bother Ford. He is building a cement plant that will start this fall and employ 300 men. The slag is the cement's raw material. Ford is already making glass at Highland Park and last year bought a glass factory in Pennsylvania, but he is building another glass factory at the Rouge. There would seem to be no end to new Ford industries. One of Ford's engineers told me it was not necessary for them to uncover new facts. He said there were enough facts lying around unused to keep them busy adding all kinds of new Ford industries.

Ford will soon have the first completely electrified railroad in the United States, if not in the world. The engines, which will be of Ford design, will differ from every other electric locomotive. Ford seems to have some intuition that tells him whether an idea will work.

I am more than pleased with The Reader's Digest. Should it come to a matter of elimination, I would eliminate all other magazines first. You may consider me a life subscriber to your publication.—E. C. Horn, 407 S. Elm St., Fairmont, Minn.

The Ten Greatest Scientists

Continued from Nov. Digest (Popular Science, Nov. '23)

J. Arthur Thompson, Author "The Outline of Science"

MICHAEL FARADAY has a right to be placed among the great as the representative of all the modern discoveries in electricity. From his researches in chemistry, electricity, and magnetism have resulted the electric telegraph and telephone, and thousands of applications of electricity and electromagnetism. Up to the time of this English blacksmith's son, electricity was a mystery. If people had any conception at all of what it was like, they thought it was a fluid flowing along wires, somewhat as water flows within a river's banks. Faraday was the first to understand it.

He made the remarkable discovery that electricity could be induced in a wire that lay near another wire in which a current of electricity was flowing. Thus he paved the way for a myriad of inventions. In his careful researches he got a glimpse of the idea that chemical energy could be turned into electricity. All honor must be given to Faraday.

Harvey had made the various organs of the body familiar objects of study. After him came other scientists who described the tissues and the cells. Then came a man whom I put seventh on my list, who investigated the changes in living matter and explained the chemical processes within the human body. This was Claude Bernard.

He, again, was one who looked beyond the obvious. Physicians were saying: "The liver makes bile; therefore the function of the liver is to make bile." But Bernard, conducting experiments on living animals, discovered an internal secretion in the liver that enabled it to store up sugar and serve it out to the blood as the body required it.

This discovery at once enabled physicians to understand the cause of diabetes, which before had been incomprehensible.

Bernard was the first to prove that in the living body continual building up and tearing down processes were in progress. He showed, step by step, how food is taken in, how it is made into living material, and how that material gradually is broken down again. Because the names, anabolism and catabolism, came so much later than the discovery, most people fail to give Bernard credit for the discovery.

But the most important reason for including Bernard among the greatest scientists is his discovery of the function of the ductless glands—endocrines. He learned that failure of these ductless glands to do their part retarded not only the physical development, but the mental development of a human being. He discovered also that often if persons with symptoms of non-functioning glands were fed or had injected extract of the thyroid glands of sheep, they could be changed from caricatures of humanity, with neck swellings or goiters, into healthy, happy individuals. The man who made possible such a miraculous change in the lives of thousands certainly should be included among the great.

Even as Lavoisier declared that no matter could be lost, Helmholtz said: "There is no power lost or created, but one kind of power can be changed into another." We see Niagara—the motion of the falling water being changed into electricity. We see coal being turned into steam. We see horsepower being changed into heat. If we ask for the source of horsepower we learn that the horse gets its energy from the food it eats.

Man has learned how to harness the waterfall and take nitrogen from the air, making it take the form of fertilizer for the soil. Should there be a famine, this single discovery may some day save the world. And back of all this is Helmholtz, who first had the clearness of vision to see that one kind of power could be converted into another without loss.

Darwin is the one man among those I have chosen for my list of ten who made no original discovery, but who worked out thoughts that had already been spoken. Darwin did not discover evolution; he did however popularize it. He revised the idea of a static world, of a world standing still. He showed that the world had evolved from lower forms and, therefore, there was the happy prospect of improvement in the future.

The practical benefits that have come from Darwin's teachings are almost endless. Darwin popularized the idea that animals could be changed through breeding. Chicken fanciers and all stock breeders owe much to him, although they seldom acknowledge it. Marquis wheat, that meant so much in the war, was the product of evolution, of a conscious effort on the part of those who used the knowledge that Darwin spread to produce wheat of heavy yield.

The ethical contributions of Darwin have been largely misunderstood in America, but he indeed opened the gate and let in a flood of light.

There is only one place left on the all-too-short list, but Pasteur overshadows other candidates and I place him tenth. Pasteur showed that man could conquer the enemies that were oppressing him. No longer need physicians stand by while fever and pestilence ravaged the land. Pasteur discovered that diseases were due to organisms and he prepared weapons with which to fight them. His discovery that microbes, as he called them, were responsible for fermenta-

tion in beer and wines, led Pasteur to use antiseptic and aseptic methods in his experiments on animals. Later, Lister, applied this principle to man and created modern surgery. Pasteur's discoveries of the cause and methods of treating anthrax and hydrophobia are famous. Cholera, rabies, diphtheria, all of these scourges, were met on the field of battle by Pasteur who built up a protective armor against them. He changed the whole theory of disease and was responsible for the serum treatment so common today. The typhus injection during the World War, which saved tens of thousands, can be traced directly to Pasteur.

These, then, are the ten scientists whom I consider the greatest of the great — Aristotle, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, Lavoisier, Faraday, Bernard, Helmholtz, Darwin and Pasteur. It will be observed, perhaps, that four Englishmen are included while there are no Americans. The difference in the characteristics of the two nationalities, I think, explains this. The Englishman is patient, questioning, cautious, willing to spend years, if necessary, trying one experiment after another, in the search for the reason of things. The American is more practical minded. He is in a hurry and wants immediate results. That is why there are many famous inventors in America today, men who are rapidly applying the principles discovered by the great scientists.

If I had not restricted myself to the past in searching for the great, the name of Madame Curie with her part in the discovery of radio-activity undoubtedly would have been prominent. But I have not attempted to judge the work of the living. Two hundred years hence when some poor man is attempting to choose from all the pages of history those scientists whose names shine the brightest, the name of some of our contemporaries then may out-dazzle all others.

I enjoy the Digest very, very much, and am your booster for life.—Paul L. Grove, Redwood Falls, Minn.

The Great Game of Politics—II.

Condensed from *The World's Work* (Dec. '23)

Frank R. Kent

A WARD executive is a promoted precinct executive who has fought his way up. He is the active and powerful lieutenant of the boss. The average ward embraces from 14 to 20 precincts and includes from 8,400 to 12,000 voters. In this territory, so far as his party organization is concerned, he is a little king. What he says goes. He selects and appoints the precinct executives, and he is just as careful to pick men who can carry these precincts as the boss is to pick ward executives who can carry their wards.

The foundation has got to be solid or the whole structure tumbles down, and the precinct executive is the foundation. The precinct executive never sees the boss; the ward executive, however, not only reports to the boss directly and sees him nearly every day, but he goes to the City Hall, deals with the department heads, and competes with other ward executives for jobs.

Take an average ward of 18 precincts. If, as was shown last month, each precinct executive is worth a minimum of 65 primary votes, the executive of the ward, whose men they are, is automatically worth about 1,100 votes. This does not allow for his personal strength, which is a great deal more than any two precinct executives. Otherwise he could not have risen to ward leadership. The average ward executive is worth personally an average of 200 votes through his family connections, his political prestige, and the number of persons for whom he has done favors.

The ward executive holds a much better political office than the precinct man. He is sometimes a police magistrate, or the head of a depart-

ment at the City Hall, or deputy court clerk, or a member of the City Council, or a state official of some sort. Eight out of ten of them are on the public payroll at a salary that will range from \$2,000 up to \$8,000. Occasionally the ward executive is in the contracting business, or the bonding business, or sells supplies of some sort, and his political pull with the boss and at the City Hall is a big help financially to him. Sometimes he is a lawyer who uses politics to build up a criminal practice and who is always in the courts.

Then, too, he gets a better slice of the campaign funds than the precinct man. Before every primary and every general election there is a distribution of money for election purposes. The amount varies, but the average ward executive will get from the boss about \$500. Usually he can "salt down" a fairly good part of this. The boss, however, knows exactly what each ward, under normal conditions, ought to do in both primary and general election. If the expected vote is not delivered, either the ward executive did not spend the money he was given, or he has lost his grip on the ward, or he "laid down" or "sold out." When his ward slumps he has to have an airtight alibi or he is likely to be thrown out in the cold. He must "deliver the goods."

One of the greatest assets of the ward executive is his ward club. These clubs flourish all over the country. There are probably 2,000 of them in cities of 50,000 and upward, and having, perhaps, a combined membership of more than 1,000,000. Evenly divided between the two dominant parties, there are not many wards in any section without their two ward clubs.

Voters who take no active interest in politics may know only vaguely of the existence of these clubs. Yet they are a very vital part of the life of every city in the country. They are run on a friendly, neighborhood basis, and the effort is to make them the social as well as the political center of the ward. All Democrats are eligible for membership in a Democratic club and all Republicans in a Republican club. There is no other requirement. And it is not necessary to be a machine Democrat or Republican. If you have the strength, you can oust the organization from control of the club just as you could, if you were strong enough, oust it in the ward. The effort of the ward and precinct leaders is to get on the rolls of the club as many party people as possible. In all the clubs there is a pool table, card room, reading room, and a big room for meetings. They are neighborhood gathering places where men can meet, hear the latest gossip, play pool or cards, or just loaf.

The ward executive keeps control of the club machinery just as he does the ward machinery. The value of the club politically is obvious. It gives it a home. The strength and power of the ward executive is often measured by the popularity of his club. It makes it easy for him to see his people. He is at the club almost every night. It is the centre of his activities. It is through the ward club that the "word" is sent down the line when the machine candidates are chosen. It is through the ward clubs that the machine gets behind its candidates.

We now come to the most vital thing about the ward executive—the thing which it is important for every voter to clearly understand—namely, his power to select candidates. In nearly every city the legislative districts and the councilmanic districts have been so arranged as to allot to each ward one representative in the lower branch of the City Council or Board of Aldermen. These districts

also allot, as a rule, one State Senator to each group of six wards. . . . Now then, actually, when it comes to selecting the organization candidates from his particular ward, he is the absolute and sole dictator. He is their creator and sponsor. He tries to do two things: First—get a man who will not prove a "bolter," but will train with the organization and will "deliver," when needed. Second—get a man with whom he can win in the general election.

Nine times out of ten because of the indifference of the voters as a whole and the general tendency to regard this matter of picking candidates as the business of the politicians and not of the people, he can use his own judgment and put up the man he wants with little or no opposition. The ward club endorses him, the machine swings in behind him, and in nine times out of ten he is nominated and elected.

It is a conservative and safe statement to say that the vast bulk of the members of State Legislatures from cities and the vast bulk of Aldermen and Councilmen are made in exactly that manner. The method does not vary anywhere, and the percentage of times when the executive can put up in the primaries exactly the man he wants and get away with it will run fully 90 per cent.

The tremendous significance of this power of picking candidates possessed by the ward executives can be easily appreciated. It practically amounts to running the country. It means that the power of self-government is out of the hands of the people; that by their inactivity and indifference to party primaries they permit themselves to be governed by a set of professionals who are active 365 days in the year. . . . Whose fault is it? The answer is clear as a bell—the non-voter, particularly in the primaries. He makes it possible for the organizations to control City Councils, State Legislatures—in a word, to run the Government.

Pioneers and City Dwellers

Condensed from *The Bookman* (Dec. '23)

Hamlin Garland

ONE day last summer in London my wife and I were moved to enter a handsome new building whose lower floor is devoted to an exhibition of Australian products. After admiring the exhibits of grain and fruit we found ourselves following the signs which pointed to a moving picture theatre in the basement. Posters informed us that scenes from Australian life were on exhibition, and we were mildly curious to experience what of charm the antipodes might have for us.

An audience of several hundred people was assembled. At once we were plunged into the midst of a sparsely settled farming country, where forests were being subdued and homesteads planted quite in the traditional American fashion. The landscape presented was attractive, and there was something in the open air vigor of the men which appealed to me strongly. Nothing of the Old World was in their action or the expression of their faces.

Now in England at this time there existed nearly a million and a half of unemployed men and women (some of them may have been in this audience) and I understood that this exhibit was designed to stimulate emigration. That the audience was mildly pleased was evident, but that any of them were thinking of exchanging their lot in London for that lonely, far away Australian life, I could not believe. Theoretically it was a healthful, prosperous place for the unemployed of London; actually, I think almost every individual in that audience considered it to be a fearfully long way from Piccadilly. This impression was substantiated recently by the statement that notwithstanding all the propaganda on the part of the Australian government,

notwithstanding the fact that the British Parliament had voted a large subsidy in aid of emigration, only a very small number of Englishmen had been led to sail for Australia. Those who did emigrate, came to the United States, to the full number of the permissible quota. "They prefer coming to where there are cities, high wages, and a certain variety of civilization," the article explained.

The French people are no longer pioneers. They love France so well that the wealth and freedom of the open has not profoundly moved them for at least a hundred years. They have regulated the birth rate in order that it might not be necessary for their sons and daughters to settle new lands. Great Britain, on the contrary, has been a mighty, ever flowing well-spring of pioneers, world explorers and wilderness subduers. Germany has been the same sort of fountain. Will these two great nations continue to send forth these floods of colonizers? Is the psychology of German youth also opposed to pioneering?

During a recent tour through Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Arizona, Nebraska, Utah, and Wyoming, I found everywhere groups of lovers of books and the drama who were enduring rather than enjoying the modified form of pioneering to which they had been called, and I wondered (once again), "How many people are there in England or America who possess that love of the open, that joy in the far country which my father, and my uncles, manifested in 1855?"

I begin to doubt whether there is, in these days, the kind of psychology which makes pioneering possible. Something has gone out of this age. Or perhaps something has come into

it which makes city newspapers, city plays, and city songs more desirable than formerly. All the excitements of our day are toward centralization. The average man of today is too gregarious to be a pathfinder. The psychology of concentration appears typical of our day. The love of crowds, the wish to live in great centres, is well nigh universal. It is the dominant psychology of the youth of today, and I am appalled by the far reaching implications of this desire for the crowd, for human contact, for comradeship.

I must confess myself a victim to the power of this lure. Theoretically I should at this moment be living in a patriarchal log house on the crest of a noble bluff overlooking the Mississippi river, at LaCrosse. That I no longer care to pioneer is a weakness in me, I will admit, but it is a weakness which I share with many others. We are all entranced by the city. If the people who wish to live in New York were able to follow their inclination, we should have a city of twenty millions instead of seven. If this psychology of concentration persists for another century, two-thirds of our population will be within the theatre zones of a few great cities.

On its physical side I hate the city. I loathe its bad air, its ugly brick walls, its tin cornices, its ridiculous water tanks, and its ever present garbage cans; but I find in it the intellectual companionship which I crave and the education and career which it offers my children. I dream of a noble old Colonial mansion, but in actuality I inhabit a flat, seven stories from the pavement, and my only live stock is a four pound dog. I have no chores to do of a morning; I am obliged to toss a medicine ball against the brick wall of the elevator shaft in order to get exercise! My daughters have never been frost-bitten, or lonely, or painfully hungry in their lives. - Granddaughters of a pioneer though they are, they are perfectly content to inhabit a cell in a New York City apartment building.

What is to be done with us? Argument will not change our psychology. The truth is, we city dwellers are all afraid of missing something, if we go away to the country. Each day the telephone brings us lovely surprises. Each mail has entrancing possibilities. Birds and trees and waterfalls are all very well, provided they are taken in short vacations or by way of Sunday excursions, when everybody is out of town. . . . I am content to feed my goldfish and exercise my dog on the roof. I do not intend to play the hypocrite in this matter, urging the other fellow to go west as Horace Greeley did while enjoying Union Square and Broadway himself.

So long as people continue to love their kind more than they love cows and lonely hills and silent fields, so long will they continue to come together in populous centres.

Who am I that I should discourage any youth from adventuring to the city? Could any migration be more illogical, more hopeless than that I made forty years ago from Dakota to Boston? To outline the dangers of the city is but to add to its appeal. Even if this love for the city were wholly wrong, a menace to the nation, I do not see how denouncing it would stop it. We must wait for some vast impersonal force whose mandate will be as compelling as the sun.

Because pioneering was a lonely business in the past is no bar against its being a different process in the future. When need of altering the gregarious tendencies of youth is keen enough all the resources of art, literature, and invention will be turned in the direction of making the farm attractive, just as today all these wonder working forces are at play making the city the romantic, dangerous, and inspiring place which the sons and daughters of our pioneers have found it to be.

The Dead Hand Harnessed

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine (Dec. '23)

Walter Greenough

THE world-old story of the misdirection of the Dead Hand is one worthy of study. For centuries men have sought to endow the future, to build monuments for themselves that would endure. Nearly always they have made the mistake of trusting to their own finite judgment for determination of the kind of monument they would create. Instead of giving the following generation credit for advancing judgment, at death they have almost invariably stretched out the Dead Hand over the future—have indulged themselves in the belief that they might administer the future far more wisely than might posterity.

In England there are today some 60,000 bequests of property that are obsolete, the objects of endowment having become obsolete. There is the story, for instance, of one, Joanna Southcote, who influenced many to believe she was to become, by immaculate conception, the mother of a new Messiah. One of her disciples was a rich man. In his will he bequeathed a large sum in trust to perpetuate the teachings of the new Messiah. Joanna died childless and her "disciple's" bequest continues to be useless. The example is but typical of thousands, many of them in America.

The problem persists not alone for the rich but for the man of relatively small accumulations and for him who has but a few scant dollars above the needs of himself and family, but who is possessed of the pride of citizenship which drives him to contribute even that small surplus in some wise way to repay his obligation to the community in which he lives. . . . As is the case with all things great, the simplicity of the answer to the problem is the most startling thing

about it. The late Frederick H. Goff, president of the Cleveland Trust Company originated the general idea of this new regulator of the Dead Hand, in Cleveland in 1914. Simply combine the surplus wealth of today for the correction of the maladjustments of tomorrow. Call this vehicle the Community Trust. And let the wise minds of tomorrow, endowed with the income from the surplus wealth of today, determine as need may arise the best ways to spend that income. "The Community Trust is a fund created by the union of many gifts, held in trust; contributed by the people of Cleveland and managed by them for the benefit of the City of Cleveland. It provides a plan of organization sufficiently flexible to meet conditions that cannot be anticipated at the present time. The income from the fund will be available at all times for the most pressing civic needs—

"for promoting education and scientific research; for assisting charitable institutions; for the care of the sick, aged, and helpless; for the improvement of living conditions; for providing facilities for recreation. . . . Men of great wealth have in the past created private foundations, but now a way has been provided by which even greater foundations may be created out of the contributions of many citizens."

Cleveland's Community Trust is said to have pledged to it now in excess of \$100,000,000 in wills. Approximately fifty such trusts in American cities now have been created and are awaiting funds with which to set to work on this newest phase of broad municipal relief. Just now it is being applied only to cities of considerable population. Eventually it may come to be a regulator of the Dead Hand in many smaller units of population and government.

The money-making phase of the

idea is so small a part of it that it becomes practically negligible. In a summary of more than forty such trusts it has developed that the highest known charge contemplated by any trust company for administration of such trust funds, including investment and reinvestment of the principal involved, is approximately 5 per cent of the annual income, and in many instances the contemplated charges are considerably below this figure. "Multiple trusteeship" has been adopted by several cities. New York, for example, included approximately a score of her great financial institutions in the trusteeship of the New York Community Trust. The three financial institutions included in the Indianapolis Foundation are the strongest in the trust field in Indiana, and belong to widely varying influences. Another feature of the Indianapolis Foundation is the complete separation of the financial institutions, acting as trustees of the funds, from the board of citizens that will expend the income from the funds.

In general, each of the cities adopting the general idea has based its organization on the Cleveland plan:

"The committee to distribute the income from the Trust fund shall be residents of Cleveland, men or women interested in welfare work, possessing a knowledge of the civic, educational, physical and moral needs of the community, preferably but one, and in no event to exceed two members of said committee to belong to the same religious sect, those seeking or holding political office to be disqualified from serving. Said committee shall be selected as follows: Two by directors of the Cleveland Trust Company; one by the mayor; one by the presiding judge of the court having jurisdiction of the settlement of estates; and one by the senior judge of the U. S. District Court."

Boston was more fortunate than any other reported foundation in early acquisition of funds. Actual endowment of community helpfulness became possible some five years ago, after gifts totalling near \$4,500,000 were made to the Permanent Charity Fund. In a recent year some 89 established charitable organizations were assisted materially from the fund, the annual income from which is now about \$200,000.

The people in general know little about the Community Trust and its vast possibilities for the future. This situation was true in Indianapolis up to a year ago; but recent events there show that after all the latent strength of the idea may be very pronounced in America. In December, 1921, Alphonse P. Pettis, a rich, retired merchant, then living in Nice, France, had made a gift to the Indianapolis Foundation of more than \$300,000. The gift was announced in the newspapers of Christmas Eve, as a gigantic Christmas gift to Indianapolis. Favorable comment was so general and so wide-spread in Indiana that in at least one smaller city in the State, the Community Trust idea immediately took root. Mr. Pettis had not lived in Indianapolis for 31 years before his gift to the city. In his mind, however, persisted through the years a sense of obligation to the city in which he had amassed much of his fortune. That gift made possible publicity that undoubtedly has crystallized ambition in many citizens to leave money to build up the future of the Indianapolis Foundation. It has just been made the beneficiary of upwards of \$2,000,000 in two wills.

There are other cities, such as Dayton, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Youngstown, Ohio, where funds are already being distributed. From coast to coast such trusts have been planted by far-seeing business men and philanthropists, who realize that today's solution of the problems of tomorrow is not practicable any longer.

Is it not possible that the Community Trust, the product of the long look ahead, is destined to become, in very truth, the Lamp of Aladdin for the American city (or State) of tomorrow, sorting out its weaknesses, aiding its wise charities, studying causes and remedies and community defects, applying the accumulated wealth of the past, through the wisdom of the future, to the upbuilding of each new generation?

The Strange Life of the Salmon

Condensed from *Nature Magazine* (Dec. '23)

William L. Finley

THE Pacific salmons, of which there are several varieties, live and grow in the sea and after three years ascend the fresh water streams to spawn. It is a strange provision of Mother Nature that has supplied the female salmon with sacs for but one series of eggs, and when the eggs are laid and fertilized in the shallow waters of a mountain stream, the course of life of both male and female salmon has been run and they die.

A Chinook salmon entering the mouth of the Columbia River in the month of March or April is a strong swimmer, weighing anywhere from 20 to 80 pounds. She has fed fat on sea food. Her egg sacs may contain from 1,500 to 6,000 eggs. When she leaves the sea and heads upstream, her last meal has been eaten. Her stomach begins to grow smaller and shrivels up. The fatty tissue in the body is the fuel for the long trip and the food that nourishes the eggs. The flesh gets lighter and lighter in color and becomes less and less valuable as food for man. An all-powerful instinct has taken possession of the Chinook, for day by day she heads slowly on toward the spawning bed. It is a journey of perhaps a thousand miles and with many obstacles to pass, the trip may take from four to six months.

From the ocean, the trail of the Chinook leads past endless lines of gill-nets, the wire fences of fish-traps, the barriers of sea-nets, and fish-wheels, the dangerous entanglements of seines, deadly whirling baits and other ingenious devices, to say nothing of the many natural and artificial dams.

But the Chinook never loses sight of her mission in life. In the long

struggle over innumerable obstacles, her body may be attacked by fungus and disease, her fins may be half worn off, but she keeps on heading up stream between rock walls where the torrent boils until at last she is at home on the gravelly bars of the head waters. By turning and twisting, she wallows out a nest in the sand and gravel and in the final effort of life lays her eggs. Her mate is close behind. He guards and keeps other fish away, for there are many that have a taste for salmon eggs. When the eggs are fertilized by the male, they are covered by the loose sand and gravel.

The story of the salmon begins with a pink egg the size of a garden pea. In a little over two months, the egg reaches the eyed stage; that is, two little eyes begin to show through the transparent shell. In about three months' time, the baby fish struggles till he cracks open the shell, and emerges somewhat as a chick hatches from a hen's egg. When the newborn salmon comes out of the shell, he looks as if he were all eyes. On the under side is the yolk sac which furnishes him food for a full month or more. He is an orphan without mother or father, so from the time he struggles up out of the sand, he paddles his own canoe. Weighed down with the weight of his yolk sac, for the first month he lies close to the bottom under and between protecting rocks. Then when the lunch he started with is absorbed, he is more active. He learns to rise to the surface and snap up tiny insects. He develops very slowly day by day, but gradually comes under the influence of the swift waters. The instinct that unerringly led his mother up from the sea to the mountain waters where he was

born takes possession of him and urges him on to a life in the sea. It may be nearly a year and he may be from three to six inches in length before he tastes salt water. As birds of a feather flock together, so the little salmon collect in schools, swim out of the river into the unknown depths of the ocean. The feeding grounds of the schools of salmon are likely within a radius of from 10 to 20 miles from the mouth of the parent stream, where they are always within the influence of the fresh coastal waters.

The schools of salmon that enter the streams along the Pacific Coast are the most valuable run of fish in the world. Efforts have been made by both state and federal governments to enact and enforce laws to conserve this food supply. As the supply of fish is decreased through both intensive fishing and the destruction of natural spawning beds, large amounts from the public treasury have been spent for the establishment of hatcheries so the salmon supply may not be too greatly diminished.

The Puget Sound and the Fraser River, that at one time produced 3,000,000 cases of canned salmon each season, have been exploited by commercial interests to such an extent that these waters contain now only the remains of a vanishing industry. In other great western streams, the American people are losing a valuable food supply because the crop has been harvested by a class of people who think only in terms of the present.

One of Alaska's great natural resources has been the salmon that swarmed into these northern waters. Herbert Hoover has pointed out that

in 1906 laws were passed by the government to protect the salmon of Alaska. At that time there were 47 canneries. In 1920 there were 146 canneries with a proportionate increase of all kinds of modern appliances to catch fish. The laws that were inadequate in 1906 were not sufficient in 1920, but it was impossible to get adequate laws because the exploiters of the salmon crop had combined wealth and influence to prevent a change.

Governor Bone in his last report shows a great decline in the Alaska fisheries industry. The output of canned salmon in 1920 was 4,429,463 cases, valued at \$35,602,800. In 1921 the salmon crop dropped to 2,596,826 cases valued at \$19,632,744. The fact cannot be questioned that the salmon runs of Alaska have been swimming rapidly toward the brink of destruction.

In this emergency President Harding set aside large areas of western and southwestern Alaska for the purpose of protecting the salmon. While commercial fishing has not been stopped, it has been curtailed by limiting the number of boats and equipment. The idea is to allow enough of these food fish to ascend the streams and spawn so there will be seed for future crops. This is the policy of conservation inaugurated by President Roosevelt. Public opinion will stand firmly behind the federal government in curbing the greed of salmon canners and politicians. The right to use or exploit any natural resource must carry the guarantee that the seed supply will be maintained to pass on undiminished to the American people of the future. This is a conservation requirement that is not to be ignored.

The Reader's Digest is a great time saver and at the same time gives a breadth of outlook that no other publication furnishes.—W. H. Hannaford, Kenwood, Calif.

Spain's Political Revolution

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (Dec. '23)

Charles H. Sherrill

"THE King is much pleased," said the new Spanish Director, with much emphasis and more than once, during my conversation with him in the Presidencia at Madrid ten days after he seized the government. Evidently General Primo de Rivera was highly delighted, both with the success and with the unanimous popular approval of the stroke by which he had swept away all the old professional politicians and then started in to clean house. But clearly for him the most satisfactory feature of the whole affair was the approval of the popular young King. Most Spaniards will tell you that if monarchy were replaced in Spain by a republic, His Majesty would be elected first President! It is quite clear that Alfonso XIII is firmly decided to re-create a cleaner political system in Spain; and so it is but natural he should regard with approval such a house-cleaning as is now under way.

What sort of personality is this Dictator—this new figure in European politics? General Primo de Rivera represents about as dissimilar a type to his Italian prototype, Mussolini, as could be imagined; and in every way he has acted differently from that founder of the New Italy, as all Fascisti love to call their movement.

No one realizes more than the Dictator that the real significance of this recent stroke, and of its instant success throughout Spain, is that Spaniards have now leaped forward to join Italy and France in the renaissance of the Latin races, a phenomenon that has aroused the admiration of the world. In the late War, France taught us the meaning of a new word—Verdun, meaning national defense of the highest order, manliness of the most reliable type. Then Italy blazed out; and Fascismo burned away accumu-

lated political dross and revealed a new and sterling patriotism. And now comes Spain, aroused from her long sleep of indifference by a gallant soldier. Overboard goes all the outworn political tackle, with its graft and grafters alike, amid the acclaims of the entire Spanish people.

Primo de Rivera is the Marquis of Estella. Therefore he comes from a very different social grade from that of Mussolini, the son of a blacksmith. He showed great gallantry in Morocco in 1893, gaining thereby what is called the Spanish V. C. He has been a member of the Senate and lately the Commanding General in Catalonia. He is of an amiable disposition, which is fortunate, for the crush of business at his headquarters would soon break down any man who worried. Mussolini, on the contrary, prefers to have his photographs show him stern-faced, and loves to glower at all and sundry about him.

Madrid has not yet finished laughing over one of the first moves of the new Government. It had been common knowledge that official payrolls were grossly padded with names of men who appeared only on payday. But when the Military Directory ordered that everybody on the payroll should attend daily at the office *viewing* his pay, the ministries were packed with people for whom there were neither desks nor seats, and many of them whose faces were not even known.

It is not generally known that every Spaniard who ever served in a Cabinet, even if only for a day, drew a pension for life. Already the newspapers are full of announcements that ex-Senator D. or former Minister Z. has voluntarily relinquished his pension—laughed out of it! But along

with this laughter have come huge economies.

The General is very modest about the preliminary steps that had to be taken before his enterprise was launched. Mussolini formed his Fascisti groups, thereby gaining the force which is the backbone of his movement. But the Spaniard needed no other display of force than the army. Make no mistake, however, this is no military coup d'etat by a Spanish Napoleon seeking to rule in place of the people. The Spanish are too democratic in spirit long to tolerate such a man. No, he intends to rely on the "Somaten," loosely organized popular groups, ready to answer a call to arms when needed. Such groups of local patriots have long existed on the east coast of Spain, and needed only the ringing of their church bell to assemble in the town square, ready to repulse an invader, put out a fire, or dispatch any other duty of a citizen. The new Directory is organizing these groups of "Minute Men" all over Spain. It may take some time to teach Galicians and Andalusians what every Catalan knows—the usefulness of the Somaten—but it will come.

But our picture is only half painted if we content ourselves with showing a house-cleaning of Spanish politics, for there is a vastly more serious side to the movement. It is no secret that there was in preparation a far more sinister revolution—one by the same type of Reds against whom the Fascisti fought so successfully, but whom there was none to oppose in unfortunate Russia. Last year there were 283 unavenged murders in Catalonia, and the authorities seemed utterly unable to cope with the growing disorder. The number killed rivalled the totals of the Irish rebellion of which one read so much. Nobody was safe. Yesterday it was the archbishop of Saragossa shot down in his automobile; today it was a mayor killed in his office. But no one dared to take active steps to check the wave of organized terror. These Reds planned to use the same anti-corruption

slogan for their Revolution that Primo de Rivera and his friends used for their coup d'etat.

This means that to properly realize the outstanding value of this bloodless stroke, one must compare it with the gruesome street battles and the horrors of class fighting class that would have accompanied the rising of the Reds, plus the subsequent wholesale killings that the Moscow Third Internationalists would have recommended to their Madrid mates as the only way to hold what they had won. But—the politicians have been swept out with a broom and not with rifles.

And what of the King in all this affair? Fortunately for Spain, he promptly recognized something that now everyone knows, viz., the efficacy of this type of government to purify politics and at the same time prevent Red Revolution. He hastened to Madrid, accepted the resignation of the do-nothing Cabinet, telephoned General de Rivera to come to Madrid, and commissioned him to form a new government. No one else but a king would have had the power or the prestige to effect such a transition from a discredited government to one able and ready to govern, and that too without a single drop of Spanish blood being spilled. By this one stroke, Alfonso XIII has justified his existence. And today, the head of the new government is in daily conference with the King.

The Directory says it intends to retain control only 90 days. But one fancies that will be an elastic term—they certainly cannot let go until they have finished house cleaning, and in the meantime the people all over Spain approve of the new government. What an opportunity of signal service for Spain this Directory has opened for itself! It deserves success, and that it will succeed in all its patriotic endeavors is the wish of every foreign friend of Spain.

Systematic Invention

Condensed from *The Forum* (Oct. '23)

Waldemar Kaempfert

IT is a curious circumstance that revolutionary inventions have been usually conceived not within but without an industry. Arkwright, an illiterate barber, invented the spinning-frame. Cartwright was a clergyman and poet when chance turned his mind to the invention of the power-loom. Watt never concerned himself with steam engines until a model of a pump was given him to repair in his capacity of instrument maker to Glasgow College. Eli Whitney was not a cotton-grower when he invented the gin, but a young teacher who thought of becoming a lawyer.

Neither Howe nor Singer were vocationally interested in tailoring when they invented their respective sewing machines. Both Fulton and Morse were artists. Westinghouse, the inventor of the airbrake, was not a railroad engineer in his youth, but a brilliant mechanic with some knowledge of farm implements. The problem of vulcanizing rubber was solved by Goodyear, an imaginative clerk in a hardware store. The first practical man-carrying flying machine was constructed by the Wright Brothers, two bicycle makers. Neither Mergenthaler nor Lanston were professional compositors or printers when they patented the linotype and monotype.

The same thing appears in the history of warfare. Roger Bacon, a harmless monk, is commonly credited with the discovery of gunpowder. The Union retained command of the sea during the Civil War because of the "Monitor," the invention of the engineer Ericsson, whose armored turret was looked upon with such suspicion that he had to spend his own money in order to test his "cheese-box on a raft" in actual con-

flict. Maxim, whose machine-gun spurts bullets almost like water, was a Maine mechanic; and Gatling, his predecessor in wholesale slaughter, was a highly inventive physician. The tanks that proved so deadly in the recent war owed their development to Winston Churchill (inspired by H. G. Wells) and to an enterprising manufacturer of traction engines. It was not a bloodthirsty naval officer who dreamed of blowing up ships with submarines, but a score of gentle civilians, the most conspicuous of whom were Bushnell, Fulton, Holland and Lake.

Invention has been accidental and haphazard because it has not been systematic. It was not the function of industry to invent new machinery and processes, for which reason industry, Micawber-like, waited for an invention to turn up, only to regard it superciliously before timidly adopting it. Production and marketing have long been organized and systematized, but so far as technical innovation is concerned, industry has drifted much as inventors drifted.

Invention implies research. The notion that an idea flashes from a brain and gives the world a new invention must be dismissed. Watt's engine did not leap from his brain to the drafting-board. New machine-tools had to be devised in order to bore accurate cylinders; studies had to be made of heat processes; model after model had to be built. So it was with the linotype, the typewriter, the phonograph, the incandescent lamp, with every one of the machines and processes that seem to us so perfect when they take their place in the factory or the home.

Germany was the first to recognize the true relation of invention to industrial evolution. She organized re-

search, and made invention and discovery essential functions of the coal-tar industry. Now it was an Englishman, Perkin, who discovered the first coal-tar dye. Upon his accidental discovery of mauve, Great Britain might have built a chemical industry which would have controlled the world's supply of synthetic colors, drugs, and chemicals. But Germany saw the need of systematic exploitation of the new world, discovered by Perkin, and seized the opportunity. Her five great coal-tar companies were welded together into a stupendous trust; hundreds of chemists were engaged, as if they were bookkeepers, and assigned to the task of making more discoveries, of wringing from coal-tar every substitute for a natural product that science could suggest; magnificent laboratories were built. And as a result, Germany exercised despotic world-control of organic compounds which she had made essential in a thousand industries, in the waging of warfare, and in medicine.

In less than half a century more discoveries were made by Germans in organic chemistry than had been made from ancient times down. Good-year in America was twice jailed for debt and was on the verge of starvation more than once during the course of his experiments with rubber. No German chemist was suffered to undergo cruel privations. He was given a respectable salary, freed from financial cares, and assigned a definite task in research under the most military discipline of a brilliant scientific director.

This principle had possibilities in other industries and in other countries. A few American capitalists were impressed by the German example. At first, engineering standards were rigorously applied in the purchase of raw materials and in testing products as they passed through the factory. From this it was but a step toward scientifically studying the

product itself with an eye to its improvement. And in the past few years, hundreds of inventions have been produced by groups of hired engineers and scientists. That the system has prodigiously advanced industrial processes is very evident. Progress is no longer haphazard, but steady and sure. The tendency is all toward slow, refined technological progress, rather than toward business shrewdness, unless, indeed, the wakening to the need of organized invention is in itself evidence of shrewdness.

As this tendency toward organized, group invention becomes more marked, the "outside" inventor will find it more and more difficult to upset established manufacturing methods. He is at the mercy of the insiders. The hired inventors have at their command resources of which the outsider is hardly cognizant—splendidly equipped libraries, experimental apparatus, patent lawyers to guide them, money, and time. Relations are established with foreign countries which also engage in systematic invention, and arrangements are made to exchange patent rights. Nothing of the remotest value in technical literature, nothing that has been discovered in foreign laboratories can escape. For the outsider to cope with a system of invention so vigilant is difficult.

To the trained physicist and chemist we must look for the startling invention of the future rather than to the illiterate Arkwright, the inspirational Cartwright, or the self-taught Goodyear. Industrial problems are becoming too complex. The outsider of the future may supplant the typewriter with some radically new form of writing machine, or devise an artificial substance to take the place of building timber if our forests are ever entirely hewn away. He will not be completely extinguished, but he will be compelled to content himself with a minor role as industrial revolutionist.

Why I Am a Christian

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (Dec. '23)

Dr. Frank Crane

WHEN I say that I am a Christian I do not mean that I have what is known as a "religious nature." I do not have visions, am not influenced by dreams or revelations. I am just an ordinary human being, actuated by about the same motives which I discover in the people about me. Neither do I mean that I live in an exalted state, and that I am clean of sin in the sense of having no impulses toward wrong-doing. My nature is just about as mixed as it always has been.

My conclusions as to the practicality of Christianity are based not only upon my experience but upon observation. Looking at my fellow men, I observe that as a general rule they are happy and efficient, and altogether live more satisfactory lives, in proportion as they conform to the principles of Jesus Christ.

First of all, I am not a Christian because I was "converted" once. When I was a boy I was duly converted each season—and managed to backslide between times. I am not mystic. I indulge in no ecstasies. I live my life as normally as I can. This does not mean that I have no sentiment! I admire and love the person of Jesus Christ. I can sing "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" with as deep emotion as the next man's. Yet I do not consider this emotion to be anything supernatural, but simply a normal, healthy sentiment which might well be shared by anyone.

I have no fear of Jesus Christ. If He were on earth and I had done wrong, I would not run away from Him; I would go to Him, sure that I would find in Him more sympathy and understanding and a better quality of loving correction than I could find anywhere else.

The only credentials Christ needs to present, in order to win my allegiance, are the words He said and the way He lived. I find in those words a wisdom I do not find anywhere else; a perception of the great laws of life which no other man ever had. And I find in the story of His life an influence for beauty and for goodness that is incomparable. I know of nothing so sublime as the majestic figure of Jesus! He comes to me and tells me how to live, how I can best get along with my family, my friends, my enemies. He tells me how to order my business and, equally, how to develop my ideals. He is the truest source of whatever culture I may possess.

A very important thing, that influences me to call myself a Christian, is the fact—which can scarcely be questioned by anyone—that if everybody followed the teachings of Jesus we should have about the best possible world. This is true of the teachings of no other man. Thus He measures up to Kant's "categorical imperative," which was, in substance, that any conduct is right if we can conceive of it as being universally adopted and producing good. If every human being were striving to conform to the principles of Jesus there can be little doubt that practically all of the contentions, discord, and tragedy of the world would be wiped out. Of course, there are wise precepts in the teachings of Buddha, of Confucius, of Mohammed, of the Greek philosophers. But why shop around? We can find it *all* in the teachings of Jesus.

Again, I am a follower of Jesus because He, better than any man that ever lived, shows me the kind of person God is. God is the funda-

mental thought in every man's mind. Every one of us has some sort of notion as to what kind of person, or force, is managing the Universe. Whatever may be our theory about Jesus, we must all believe that He professedly came to show us the nature of God. And the kind of God He reveals is the best kind of God I ever heard of.

Principally, He shows God to be *friendly*. And this is a note that is not struck at all so clearly by any other teacher. God, to the early peoples, was a source of fear. But Jesus taught us to say "Our Father"; and this saying has warmed the whole world. It at once makes the God-thought usable. He reveals God, not as a detective or a policeman or a judge but rather as the source of all life and love. I do not know of any other thought that has been of more practical use to me than this.

I am a Christian because Christianity is the only considerable religion that is as wide as the human race. Its fundamental assumption is that all men are brothers, whether they be black, white, or brown. The most dangerous hold-over from the past is provincialism, including race prejudice. Jesus opposes all this. I am glad to follow a leader whose head is high enough to see beyond racial and national fences and to look at humanity.

I am a Christian because Christianity fits my best instincts. I believe that my instincts came from my Maker; that they are the source of whatever power I may possess; and that it is my business to regulate them, but not to suppress them. The primitive instincts of greed, lust, selfishness, fear, and the like are natural ones, but they cannot be allowed to go unrestrained; and I find Christianity to be my best help in restraining them. My other instincts, which are later developments, such as love, courage, self-control, kindness, pity, and self-sacrifice, are distinctly fed

and strengthened by the teachings and example of Christ.

I am a follower of Christ because He was the first great democrat. He recognizes no artificial privileges. He looked at life rather than at station in life. If we all followed His teachings every soul would have a chance. In His view of the world, the peasant is of quite as much value as the king, the poor man as the rich man. One unfortunate thing, in my opinion, has been the patronage by the rich and powerful of Christian organizations. This has prejudiced the sensitive minds of working people against Christianity. As a matter of fact, the most powerful force in the world toward the amelioration of the condition of the laboring man is the influence of Jesus.

Perhaps, from the standards of some, I am not much of a Christian. I am frank to admit that all the Christianity I have is what I can use. There is a vast deal of so-called Christianity that would be of no use to me at all. It is that portion which is argued about and fought over. It does not interest me. But every church I know of, that calls itself Christian, emphasizes honor, truth, self-control, decency, love, helpfulness, hope, and similar qualities.

William James said: "Truth is what will work." And to sum up all my argument: I am a Christian *because Christianity works*. I am a Christian because Christianity teaches principles which I can demonstrate in practice. . . . One thing more I want to say. It is not a reason for my being a Christian. It is one of the most beautiful things which my acceptance of Christ as a teacher and guide has brought me. When the hour comes that I shall face the Great Unknown, no thought will be dearer, closer, or more comforting to me than the thought of Him who uttered those masterful, strange, and electric words:

I am the Resurrection and the Life. . . . Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Whirlpools of Beer

Continued from November Digest (Ladies' Home Journal, Nov. '23)

A. B. Macdonald

LA. TASCHEREAU, who was friendly to the brewers, came into power as premier of Quebec, and after two years of trying to make light beer go the present law was forced through parliament. Statistics issued by the government of Quebec showing that drunkenness has decreased there since beer became the popular drink have been published everywhere in the United States as an argument for legalizing the sale of beer. But these statistics are based upon "arrests" and "convictions" for drunkenness. Dr. Dorion, editor of *L'Action Catholique*, said of those statistics: "Premier Taschereau has declared many times that his government must stand upon the success of the Quebec liquor law, which it fathers. If the law fails his government must fail. Now a government that is in the liquor business for what it can make out of it; which is dependent upon the money of brewers for campaign expenses; whose political life rests upon beer and liquor, is naturally not anxious to show up the weakness of the law. When you realize that the police officials who make the arrests and the magistrates in whose hands are convictions for drunkenness are appointed by a government that must have statistics of decreasing drunkenness you can understand those statistics."

One of the chief arguments of the wet propagandists in the United States is that prohibition is responsible for moonshining and bootlegging. The two days I was in Hull a squad of revenue officers swooped down the Gatineau Valley, in Quebec, raided a score of farmhouses, seized several illicit stills, three 43-gallon barrels, 11 drums and many jugs of moonshine whisky, and arrested 40

men, including the mayor of Gatineau village. Only a few weeks before, another raid in Quebec had rounded up 55 bootleggers and moonshiners, and at about the same time a still big enough to make 2,000 gallons of whisky a day was unearthed in Montreal.

Dr. A. K. Haywood, superintendent of the Montreal General Hospital, declared before the Canadian Club: "Montreal, the only city on the North American continent with a recognized red-light district, is turning out drug addicts, disease sufferers, criminals and derelicts at an alarming rate." He asserted that a red-light district could not exist without intoxicating liquors; so the narcotic drug evil had its genesis in alcoholic drinks. In 1921 the courts handled 552 drug cases, but in 1922 they handled 1,000, almost twice as many. According to court officials, over a million dollars' worth of narcotic drugs was sold in Montreal in one year by peddlers who infested cafes, all-night clubs and dance halls. He described the red-light district covering many blocks, with 3,000 women and girls, and said it would cease to exist if alcohol was taken away; he told how the women there went from drink to drugs; how it was a harvest field for drug peddlers and a harbor of refuge for crooks; how it was responsible for the crime wave that had swept Montreal; and he wound up by accusing the city officials of laxity, negligence, and graft.

The policy of hushing up criticism of the Quebec liquor law has gone so far that last winter, when Dr. C. W. Saleeby, of London, an authority on eugenics, came to Montreal to lecture, he was asked by representatives of the government not to criticize the

liquor policy of the Quebec government. The Montreal Council of Social Agencies gave a report of all welfare work done in that city in 1922, and there was not a word in it about the drink problem. The editor of a Montreal paper explained the fact to me: "You see where the wet government of Quebec contributed \$12,500 of its beer profits to the support of those welfare agencies; and you see here where other amounts were given by brewers, and that the women members of the rich brewing families are on the governing boards of those welfare agencies. That is why they must put the soft pedal on any criticism of beer."

Owen Dawson, for seven years clerk of the juvenile court, made this assertion to me: "I have seen 15,000 boys pass through the juvenile court, and drink was the cause of nine-tenths of it."

One of the arguments of the wets in Quebec four years ago, as it is the argument of the wets in the United States now, was: "Give us wine and beer, with government control, and that will take the liquor business out of politics." How this has worked out was shown in the Quebec parliament recently, when Brigadier General C. A. Smart charged that the government, through its liquor commission, had made the liquor business the channel of raising revenue to build up its political machine; that saloon licenses had been issued, through favoritism, to political henchmen of the government; and that the Liberal party was able to perpetuate itself in power because it had the brewers at its back.

A Catholic priest who had worked hard and long to keep beer out of Levis, but had been beaten at last by the brewers, said to me: "Did you ever wake up at night and hear a rat gnawing somewhere in the dark behind a wall where you could not get at him? Well, that is the way the

brewers work to get in, always gnawing down the opposition; always working, even in the dark, while you are asleep. Their list of orators is endless, their money will hire the best, and will subsidize newspapers. The government, with all its power, is behind them. If the brewers fail in one fight to plant saloons in a town, they fight again and again. Like the besiegers of a city, they keep battering at the walls until they fall."

The W. C. T. U. of Quebec has 2,420 members, who are fighting the law. Its president told me: "The majority of our women hate and detest the Quebec liquor law, but we have no vote. The unrestricted use of beer has increased drinking and drunkenness in Quebec, as it would in the United States. Since our government went into the liquor and beer business, drinking has become much more general in good society."

"Beer has debauched our politics and our government, as it would yours. The brewers are in the saddle here. One of the worst features of their reign is the way they force their beer upon us through advertising. Go where you may, you cannot escape the suggestion that beer is one of the best things in the world to lift you up, to give strength, health, youthful vigor. From this ever-present advertising the children of Quebec are learning, as one of their first lessons, that alcohol is good for them. You are free from that in the United States now, but if you go back to beer again, you will have the same advertising we have here."

"My message to the United States is: Be thankful every day of your lives for the Eighteenth Amendment. Never permit the brewers to legalize the sale of light beer, for that would be only the first step to strong beer, as it has been here, and you would go back to all the evils of the old saloon days. I would admonish you, 'hold fast that which is good.'"

Let There Be Light

Condensed from *Physical Culture* (Dec. '23)

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, U. S. Senator

A WOMAN of refinement, beautiful, of social distinction stood before a mixed gathering of social, financial and intellectual notables. She was tense, eager, alarmed. The flashing light from her eyes outshone her scintillating jewels. She, with several hundred men and women, had been listening for nearly an hour while I told them in words of one syllable that the most serious menace the nation faces today is the spread of venereal disease.

"Why haven't we women been told this thing before?" she cried.

I wish I could shout the terrible truth about this subject 24 hours a day. I wouldn't stop till the very babes in their cradles knew of their right to be born of clean parents; and till thousands of the blind in this country knew what was responsible for their blindness; and till the patients in our insane asylums heard what had robbed them of their wits; and till the thousands who go through life with bodies that nothing can make strong or well knew what had robbed them of their health and strength.

We don't look the truth in the face. Half of us are blankly ignorant of the whole dreadful subject; and the other half of us are so shocked that we madly cover it up and keep it hid, and let the destruction go on. There has got to come a change. If the thing doesn't weaken us till we can no longer survive as a nation, it will so rob us of national vitality that we will break every promise we now have of a great future. And the only way to stop it is to tell the truth about it.

Eighty per cent of the operations performed upon women are made necessary because of innocently acquired venereal disease. Statistics

of the draft showed that out of ten million men examined, 450,000 had syphilis and 2,225,000 had gonorrhea, a total of 2,675,000 cases of venereal disease, or about 27 per cent out of a multitude drawn out of every walk of life. When the men first went to the cantonments there were 60,000 in one day who could not report for duty because of venereal disease. More sickness came from these diseases in the army than from all other causes combined; and the deaths and the disabilities caused by them, directly or indirectly, were comparable to the number killed and seriously wounded. But, in this highly proper country of ours, these draft figures were made known only to the medical profession, and to others whose business it is to keep in touch.

If the number of men you pass on the street today isn't 27 per cent of pre-war days it is more; it can be no possibility be less, for comparatively little has been done to make it less. We have shut our eyes and stopped our mouths. *As a result, that 27 per cent of infected men get married like any other.* Not even the medical profession can open its mouth about the individual case. No physician is permitted either by law or by the ethics of his profession to warn a girl who is about to marry a man he knows to be diseased. He can protest to the man, but that's all he can do. Our girls, and the parents likewise, would consider it indelicate to raise the question of a medical examination even if they knew the peril of foregoing such a precaution, and most of them don't know it.

Boys all over this country are brought to manhood almost as ignorant of the truth as their mothers and sisters, and their fathers before

them. True—they know these diseases exist, that they are acquired for the most part in brothels, but also acquired innocently through infected towels, dishes, and the like, and in public wash rooms. But they get their knowledge from ignorant companions who got it the same way. What's the result? Why, most men ignorantly regard an attack of gonorrhea as little worse than a common cold. They get over it—and they think that's all it amounts to.

What they don't know is that this disease, however local it may be, ravages and wrecks the constitution, and leaves him in a condition that is likely to put him on the scrap heap while still young in years. When you see a young man in his twenties racked with rheumatism, look out. If this disease, together with syphilis, could be stamped out, the average length of life would be enormously extended.

What they don't know is that the risk of infecting others is terrible, and that the disease travels like a prairie fire in any community where it gets a foothold, and that women and children get it from husbands and fathers who think themselves sound and cured.

For syphilis the poor dupes have more respect. But even with this most terrible of all known diseases, they have the haziest notions. The man who gets it is not diseased in one area of his body; he is diseased in every tissue and in every cell. Not a drop of his blood is clean. And that isn't the worst; for the man who has had it and who, as judged by every test, is entirely cured of it, may marry and still transmit the disease to his children. Or if he should not transmit the disease itself, he will transmit physical frailty, and constitutional weaknesses which become the breeding ground for any other disease you may care to name. And these tendencies starting with the sins of the fathers run to the third and fourth generation, even as the decalogue predicts.

There are 6,000 merchant sailors landing daily in New York, at least half of them diseased; not our modest American little 27 per cent, but one out of every two. These men, off-scourings sometimes of the vilest ports of the Seven Seas, forthwith spread afresh the infections before which our health departments and all governmental agencies, and the medical profession itself, stand helpless. Would we let this happen if these men had smallpox? And yet smallpox is a mere flea bite beside venereal disease.

Aren't we paying rather high for our smug properties and our tight little conventionalities and pruderies? We shout ourselves hoarse about the liquor business, about cigarettes, about dance halls. And yet all these evils together are infinitesimal in their power to do harm as compared with this monstrous evil of venereal disease.

I am satisfied that the remedy is education, and that such education must logically begin in the home. The home is the only place where established and silly conventions can be broken down with the minimum of inconvenience and disaster. If the parents of this nation can first be taught the truth, and made to see just what are the facts, they will be so terrified by the danger that they will not fail to impart the knowledge to their children. It is the obligation of every parent to do three things: First, to inform himself; second, to instruct the children, and to tell them the truth about all the vital facts of life, and the truth about the so-called social diseases; third, to see to it so far as they can, that their children marry persons known to be free from disease. If conditions are to improve, we must have one thing—the freedom to carry on the work of enlightenment, not only without reproach but with enthusiastic co-operation.

The Big Show

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (Dec. '23)

Courtney Ryley Cooper

CIRCUSES, to their makers, are an exact science. It doesn't "just happen" that a circus goes to a certain town. The show arrives for one of two reasons: either there is a surety of sufficient money to make a profitable day's business, or it is necessary to play the town in order to reach one farther on, where the crowds are sure. For a show-train can only travel about 150 miles a day. It is all carefully figured out in advance, with every possible condition taken into consideration: crops, money conditions, floods, forest fires—everything that can affect a pocket-book. There is no other business organization that pays more attention to the various local conditions of the United States.

So the departure of the "bill car," or advertising car, is a carefully thought-out thing. It is to arrive in a certain town in the far south on a certain day in the early spring, stay there so many hours, and depart at a certain time. All season it must live up to a schedule, that of being three weeks ahead of the show. If it loses a day through storm or accident, it must do double work, a "brigade" of bill-posters being dropped at one town to look after the bill-posting, banner tacking, and country routes, while the car, short-handed, hurries on to the next town, leaving the brigade to catch up as best it can.

Twenty or more men travel with the bill car. It costs a big show nearly a thousand dollars a day for the mere publicity and promotion which heralds the coming of the circus. More than a hundred men travel ahead of the show. There is the general contracting agent, who makes all the primary arrangements—for the circus grounds, the exhibition and

parade licenses, for the banners which appear on trolley-cars, for the 10 tons of hay, the 5 tons of straw, the 300 bushels of oats, the 1,200 bushels of bran, the 150 bales of shavings, for the cord of wood necessary to keep up steam in the calliope, the ton of coal that will be consumed in the big ranges, and the 900 loaves of fresh bread for humans, and the 200 loaves of stale for the polar bears. To say nothing of a broken down horse or two to be killed for the lions, tigers, and cat animals.

You've noticed perhaps that there is a predominance of red in the circus posters. The reason is simple: red is an elemental color. It is the children's favorite. The circus appeals to the elemental, to the child in us all. Hence red. Incidentally, a circus isn't content with merely billing the city in which it is to show. Its territory of potential patrons extends for 40 miles on every side of the show place, and these 40 miles must be covered by each bill-car in a single day. There are three such cars with the big shows, one three weeks ahead, one two weeks, and the last only a week. The job of the last two is to do everything that hasn't been accounted for before, to renew billing that has been torn by wind or washed by rain, and to fight. For circuses quarrel, once one of them crosses the trail of another. Sometimes a bill-board will bear as many as ten or twelve layers of posters, each alternate layer representing a different show; the last and winning layer slapped into place a bare twelve hours before the arrival of the contending circuses. Under such circumstances, part of the advance crew knows no schedule—nothing, in fact, except to fight until a battle is won or lost.

Then there are the press-agents who flit here and there, dropping in at newspaper offices; and the "checkers-up," who inspect the work of the various cars, and make daily reports. And after all these are gone, there comes the twenty-four hour man. His is the task of seeing that every contract is ready to be fulfilled, that the circus grounds itself is in shape; that the sidewalk crossings are protected from the heavy wheels of the wagons, all bridges safe on the parade route, the licenses granted, food ready.

A circus never does anything without its consideration of cause and effect. A big show must record receipts of from six to fifteen thousand dollars a day in order to live. Not a solitary chance must be missed to get another person into the big tent. Therefore, from the minute the circus arrives in town, it must do its utmost to flaunt itself before every available person. So it chooses a spot to unload where it can be seen by men going to work. It sends its wagons to the grounds along routes selected for the same purpose; a circus wagon never goes up a side street when it can traverse one where a greater number of persons can see it. Always must that message be sent broadcast: "Circus day—circus day!"

Every one loves the sight of a pretty horse. A good-looking equine exhibition is almost as much of a curiosity as an automobile once was. So the circus has plenty. . . A bugle sounds. "Hold-d-d-d yoa ho'sses. The elly-phants are coming-g-g-g!" There are few horses to hold these days as the gleaming, resplendent parade turns into main street, with its crowded curbs. But that bellowing warning has been part of circusdom for years. A parade wouldn't really be a parade without it.

Nor without the balloon vendors. Did you ever stop to consider that they might be present along the crowded streets to breed atmosphere as much as anything else? Bright, cheery colors. Remarks about the circus and the fact that this is the

glad holiday of them all. "Buy baby a bal-loon! When baby goes to the circus, buy baby a bal-loon!" The old power of suggestion! When baby goes to the circus! Baby may have been scheduled to return home just as soon as she saw the parade. But now it's a different matter. Baby's never seen a circus; it might as well be now.

And the parade is passing. Everybody seems happy. And smiling. They're all smiling because it's part of their contract to smile in parade and performance. Isn't a circus a typification of happiness? Smile—that is the order, and it is carried out.

Three lions' cages have passed, with the pacing animals displayed. Then a cage which is closed. Wonder what's in that cage—a game that is as old as the world itself, that of curiosity.

The human is an obliging person. While listening to the side-show spieler, some one jostled and edged closer. The operation started with only four or five men far out there at the edge of the crowd, but the whole crowd moved up closer. Could those men have been in the employ of the side-show? "Fortay-y five minutes to wait. Plenty of time before the big show." And humans hate to wait.

Through the gates at last! What a jam! Why can't they make them bigger? They could. But then that wouldn't cause a crowd. Strange how they think of those things!

Were it not for the circus menagerie a great part of the youthful population would be devoid of an education in natural history. And many municipalities would charge exorbitant licenses were it not for this fact.

The circus has learned one great thing, that somewhere in our hearts is something that never grows up, and that something invariably answers the call of happiness. That is why you "guess you'll go to the circus!"

A Matter of Importance

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (Dec. '23)

Edward S. Martin, Editor of Harper's Magazine

TO a contemporary who said he found it hard to have any fun now that he had got so old, the reply of a fellow veteran was that he ought to interest himself in dying, since that was the most important thing which was left for him to do. And it is important. Next to living, our most interesting experience is dying. It takes us all our lives to discover what we are born to, and we may well devote due share of our last period of experience to consideration of what is going to happen to us next.

We do not make very good work of dying. One reason is that when we undertake it we are apt to be out of health and low in spirits, and are liable to be in a state of pain or physical discomfort. We ought to go out like the last bit of candle wick when the last drop of paraffin is gone, with no more than just a flicker to say it is the end. But not many of us do so well. Most people die much before their time and (if they are useful people) before they can be spared or their companions are ready to part with them. That tends to make dying a good deal less enjoyable than by rights it ought to be. For really it is the crowning adventure of life, and we ought to come to it like a first-nighter to his seat, waiting with cheerful eagerness to see what sort of a new play it is going to be; instead of which the dying rarely show enthusiasm, and the surrounding observers are dolorous, for parting with people is an ill business if we love them, and even if we don't, we are awed by the mystery of death.

All these reflections because, after one gets along far enough in maturity, the people of his time whom he knows, or knows about, drop off in

ceaseless succession, keeping one reminded how very precarious and experimental our hold on this world really is, and how far what we call living is from being the whole of life. History is an obituary notice. It is all about the departed and what they did here. It would be still more interesting if it told what has happened to them since, and maybe in what we pious people call the Lord's good time it will. Undoubtedly, a great many of them improved their circumstances by migration. Most of us believe that, and surely we need to.

If we had better and more reasonable views about death and more confidence in it as something to our advantage, we would take life easier and with much less anxiety. As it is, we incline to take both life and death much too hard. We even worry about them sometimes. That is just like fishes worrying because they are in the water. Of course, they are in the water. Where else should they be? We even worry about the prospects of this world, and whether it will be saved from the perils that crowd in on it just now. Maybe so; maybe not: but why worry? Is it necessary that the world should be saved? Is it meant to be saved, and perfected as a residence for human creatures, or is it just a school, and unimportant except for what it can do for pupils? Is it better for the pupils as it is than it would be if safer and more comfortable? Is its whole apparatus, its buildings, its roads, its art, its literature, its institutions generally, of any great consequence except as they help the spirit of man to develop and come into his own? They may all become hindrances to that spirit—Saul's

armor—and hold man back instead of helping him. Let us not worry about them! To man what is important is man, and not all the industrial apparatus that litters up this residential sphere except as it helps his development, as doubtless some of it really does.

The Earth will probably last our time. The notion that it is going to collapse under us has been offered for consideration for thousands of years, and has been considered and, at times, accepted on a large scale, and the date agreed upon, but it has never made good except in spots, as lately at Tokio. It is a bad bet. Never bother with it. The truth is, it looks now as if, before humanity had used up this globe and the useful deposits and fertilities it is stocked with, we shall have developed the ability to move out of it at will, and stake out new claims elsewhere.

Death ought to be as popular as the opening of the door to a better place than this, better opportunities and a larger life. But it is not popular, not yet. It is too much associated with the breaking of ties and the laceration of affections. It is altogether a wonderful fact, but we are used to it, accept it, and almost ignore it. We have other things to do than concentrate our minds on it.

It was not by accident that the venerable publisher, Edward Dutton, who died in September, came to be the foster father of so many religious books, for religion was what most interested him, and knowing it, he was a good judge of what books really had it in them. In his interest in concerns invisible, his protracted capacity to deal with things mundane, his very long life and benignant old age, he was fit to compare with the late John Bigelow. In both of them spirituality made for longevity, as usually it does, for people who have it have a better understanding of life and take it as a rule

more intelligently, more submissively and with less wear and tear than those who have it not.

As we write the Union Jack hangs out along Fifth Avenue in honor of David Lloyd George. Welcome to the lively statesman who has done so much so far in his animated life, and of whom no one can be sure that he will not do a lot more. And how did he come to be famous? Of course, he was developed by years of aggressive fighting politics; he had a great mind born in him, but besides that still something, a sense of religion, the power to see a little more than was in sight, a spiritual endowment. What made Lloyd George is what the pious people count on to make the leaders who are to pull the world out of its present quagmire and set its feet again in firm paths. It will not be done by mentality alone, that that will doubtless do its part. The Birkenheads are often useful, but they will never do it all.

The papers say that Herr Stinnes is behind a plot to seize Germany and run it as one big mill, a plan for business feudalism under business barons. Suppose that were true, and suppose the plan could be carried out, it might mean prodigious production for Germany to use to buy her release; but does anyone look for true relief for Europe from such a plan as that? Hardly. It would mean salvation by salesmanship, and salesmanship is not enough to produce salvation on the scale now required. Undoubtedly, Germany must work and save, but industrial feudalism does not sound hopeful. No doubt, industrialism will go on in the scheme of civilization, but it must go on as the servant and not as the master of mankind. Lloyd George would know that, for he has in him understanding of life. Herr Stinnes may think that men can live by bread alone, but Lloyd George knows that they can't.

"The Man Who Owns Africa"

Condensed from Hearst's International (Dec. '23)

Griffin Barry

W. H. LEVER never intended probably, to be the man who "owns Africa." He is the son of a plain grocer. He has a plain business, too: he makes soap. He makes more soap than anyone on earth—so much soap that, about 15 years ago he found that the markets of the world could not supply him with all the animal fats he needed in his factories.

But the palm tree was covering most of Central Africa thicker than hair on a scalp, as it always had. The tree is a living reservoir of oil. For centuries the native has used this oil as soap. Lever about 1909, bought a little of this oil, and sent it to his laboratories. When the laboratory report came back, certain traders were sent immediately to the west coast of Africa to buy all the palm oil they could find. Within a year vegetable fats replaced animal fats as the main ingredient in Lever's soap. And Lever was able, from his steady supply of a new and cheap material, to undersell his rivals. The inevitable happened; the rivals failed in large number, or were bought out. In 1909 eight companies were in the Lever combine. By 1914 there were 40. Today there are 140, all over the world, including the second largest group of soap concerns in the United States.

This is a business romance, you see. William Hesketh Lever, soap boiler, becomes Lord Leverhulme, empire-builder. Africa is the empire. The soap boiler becomes first baronet, then baron, then viscount. "The man who owns Africa." Livingstone had gone to the jungle to spread the Gospel, and he left a dim image in the native mind. Stanley, a journalist, went to find Livingstone and inci-

dentally to advertise the jungles in the newspapers of James Gordon Bennett. He got where no white man had been before; and he came out with maps, precious things for the white man. On Stanley's heels, Cecil Rhodes, an Oxford student, a lover of ideas, a dreamer, a fighter. He fought with the toughest men on earth for the gold of the Rand and the diamond mines at Kimberley. He got his concentrated wealth and tried to turn it into a girder-work of civilization that would cover the whole land. Before his bones were laid to rest on Table Mountain he had, in fact, thinly civilized the vast tip of the continent. And he had caused a war that made South Africa British. But at the edge of the jungle his work stopped.

Then barely 15 years ago this trader, in the Liverpool offices of his soap makers' combine, whence he had climbed from a grocery business in Yorkshire, discovered that soap can be made from palm oil. . . What did he find in Africa? First of all the black man—many more millions of him than there are whites in the United States. Also, some thousands of whites who traded along the rivers and occupied the harbors. Over these traders, the trading nations had long before planted their various flags, on land sometimes called "protectorates" and sometimes simply colonies, extending inward from the sea in strips.

But since the slave trade on the west coast ended 80 years back, the trickle of wealth into white pockets had been meager. What Lever wanted to do was to make more soap; solely in the interests of soap he acted, and quickly. His men set up offices in the African coast towns,

buying what palm oil they could from the natives, pressed out by hand or crude machinery. But there was too little of it. Only a fringe of the immeasurable palm reserve was touched. The blacks wasted more than half in extracting it from the fruit. Lever paid inventors to devise better pressing machinery. He hired by the scores the men who had roamed and traded away their lives in the interior. They were instructed to trade in other products than palm oil.

Then from a friendly Belgian Government in 1911, Lever obtained a concession of considerably more than a million acres of palm forest in the Belgian Congo. Here he was actually responsible for hundreds of thousands of blacks, for the good behavior of the whites. His concession was larger than Belgium itself. Later, came the war and Western Europe learned the multiple uses of palm oil. Glycerin is made from it—essential to nitro-glycerin. England's butter gave out, and the majority of Englishmen acquired a taste for margarin—which is made from palm oil. And the jungle yielded other needful stuff—hides, rubber, tin, gold. And Lever, working under the pressure of war, undertook to make the jungles a reservoir of supply. His companies appeared in scores of Central African towns. He set up the nerve ganglia of wires and paths and rails that led out of the forest. His ships touched at all ports. Turbines, steel saws, rails, motor-cars, tractors, airplanes, appeared in Lever-owned boats at the mouth of the Congo, were transhipped to the railroad that climbs the steep gorge, and then were carried on up the river in shallow-draught Lever-owned steamers.

Between that day and this the firm of Lever Brothers has built eight towns near the river, complete from electric power station to pretty bungalows on the Los Angeles model. A new railway along the lower Congo is in project. Airplane landings and wireless stations are to be seen. Al-

ready a man may travel the 1,000-mile length of the Congo in a comfortable steamer and rest every other night in a tennis-playing, tea-drinking colony of British engineers and their wives. In a month he may reach the Indian Ocean from an Atlantic port lying just under of the continent, traveling by river steamer, narrow gauge railroad and negro carrier.

Cecil Rhodes stopped at the jungle because the world's machinery was inadequate to take him on. Man had not learned to set up a city in a few weeks. He did not know how to sterilize whole tracts against disease. Nor had Henry Ford, and mass production, been heard from.

Lever has a series of tin mines in the Straits Settlements. He owns more palm forests on the islands north of Australia. New soap factories of his are being built in Shanghai and Kobe. In Africa, the Lever Brothers are gold, silver and tin miners; ivory and rubber and cotton merchants; wool growers and cattle owners. Near Liverpool a whole town, Port Sunlight, was built years ago to house the workers who make Sunlight soap. Another model town is going up around Levers' factories in Scotland.

Inevitably it is the black who does the actual job in the hot countries. Lord Leverhulme told me, "The negroes work for us, for they have wants to gratify. They have acquired a new set of wants within, say, ten years. Having earned a little money, they find they want more. Some blacks are rich already, really rich. You will find negro families in West Coast towns today who own limousines and send their sons to Oxford. Of course, there are others who don't want our things. Whole tribes of them. They have crawled into the back jungles where they wait and wait for the whites to go. They watch our airplanes in the sky with hatred. But we don't do much flag waving; styles change, you know, in empire-building."

(Continued from page 578)

The old Suffrage Association has become the Women Voters' League, the largest political organization of women. It is strictly non-partisan in character. It seeks to educate its members in citizenship and encourage them to aspire to responsible work in their own parties. It scrutinizes measures and candidates in the interests of better politics, and endorses or initiates, in all parties, bills for the benefit of the community at large, and particularly of women, children and the home.

There are today over 8,500,000 women gainfully employed in the United States. This is nearly a quarter of the entire female population over ten years of age, while 20 years ago the proportion was nearer a sixth. And we get this total increase in spite of the marked decrease in domestic servants; for in 1900, with a much smaller population, we had over 2,095,000 servants, while in 1920, we had but 1,012,000. Teachers number 639,241. But if we count stenographers, clerks and typists in one group, they head the list with 1,396,031. The proportion of women in the higher professions other than teaching is still small, but increasing rapidly. The first woman graduate in medicine in America was in 1849; now there are 7,219 women physicians practicing, and 60 medical schools admit women. The number of registered trained nurses has increased 83 per cent in the last decade, being now 149,128.

The first woman lawyer in America was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1869. As late as 1894 women were being refused admittance into the bar of many States, but today they are eligible in all save Delaware. Of 129 law schools, 102 now admit women, 7 having been opened to them only in 1918, and Yale in 1919. The number of women lawyers and Justices has increased in the last decade from 558 to 1738. There are now a number of women Judges.

We have 1,787 women clergymen, 1,714 pharmacists, 8,736 authors and

journalists, 12,390 Federal civil servants, and 14,617 artists, sculptors and art teachers; while in the field of business we find—picking at random—such noticeable figures as 14,134 hotel owners and managers, 13,378 accountants and auditors, 8,326 manufacturers and officials, 5,304 bankers and brokers, 78,980 retail dealers, and 9,283 gardeners and fruit growers. The Census Bureau lists 678 possible occupations, of which all but 33 are entered by women.

On the social side of women's life one of the most significant developments is to be found in the club movement. In the smaller centres practically every woman with pretensions to culture is a member of the local club, while in the large cities it is customary to belong to several study groups, clubs and leagues for civic or philanthropic work. The General Federation of Women's Clubs is the largest organization of its kind in the world. Much time that used to be spent in calling and trivial social activities now goes to club work, and the spectacle of over four million women studying and organized for various cultural and civic ends, entirely without the advice or assistance of men, is something typically American and a quite new phenomenon in civilization.

The advance in effectiveness and prestige of these clubs has been particularly marked in the last two decades. The earlier clubs aimed at culture as an end in itself; but of late years the civic departments of the clubs have grown enormously, and the tendency to value study mainly as a means toward more efficient service and citizenship constantly accelerates. Definite results are striven for, and a great body of work of such nature as child welfare, peace, conservation, Americanization, marriage laws, parks, playgrounds, juvenile courts, sanitation, dance hall and moving picture inspection, and food and milk purity, lies to the credit of the National and State Federations, and to the individual clubs themselves.

Whether the increase in the divorce rate is attributable to the woman's movement it is impossible to say. Higher education certainly tends to raise the standard demanded in marriage, and economic independence offers women an escape from unhappiness hitherto unavailable. On the other hand, there is no evidence to show that college and professional women produce more than their quota of divorcees. On the contrary, it is rather among the newly rich and parasitic groups that broken marriages seem commonest. It must also be realized that the stress of business life, pursued at an increasing distance from the home, divides men from their families to an extent unknown in simpler days, and forces women into a mental independence of their husbands hitherto seldom experienced.

The character of American women under the impact of modern conditions has, it would seem to the observer, gained in strength, initiative, camaraderie, and self-confidence, but perhaps, lost somewhat in the more superficial "feminine" traits. There is no evidence to show that their moral quality has deteriorated. The present is the age of publicity. Much that used to be hidden is now blazoned; hypocrisy is a dying vice; here probably lies the sufficient explanation of changes which might seem, superficially, to indicate a loosening of moral standards in the rising generation.

Turning to the question of motherhood, we find, as in all civilized countries, that the native birthrate is steadily decreasing. The American ideal seems to be quality rather than quantity. Classes in sex and infant hygiene, baby clinics, Montessori and kindergarten methods, diet and child psychology, seem to give the lie to those who assert that the modern woman in expanding her horizon has neglected her home. On the contrary, the twentieth century, which has seen the triumph of feminism, is frequently referred to as the "Century of the Child." More

science and thought has gone into child-care in the last quarter century than probably in all past history put together.

The writer, in a very wide acquaintance with girls' schools, has found constant witness borne by teachers to the fine response of present-day girlhood to ideals of service both as homemakers and citizens; a particularly encouraging fact at a time when so much criticism has been leveled at girls for their dress, manners and amusements.

The coming of automobiles, moving pictures, apartment houses, clubs and amusement parks has undoubtedly changed the outward characteristics of home life, and remunerative work and wider interests have reduced the number of hours spent by women and girls in their homes. But how far these changes are for the worse is still entirely a matter of opinion. With higher education and economic independence, girls marry later than of old, but very early marriages are probably quite as undesirable eugenically as very late ones.

Women are free to choose between homemaking and a career. They will be free only in exceptional cases to pursue both simultaneously while the supply of domestic workers and nurses remains inadequate and their cost prohibitive, or until some system of cooperative housekeeping has been established to take their place.

There is an intelligence and enthusiasm in American women very engaging to foreign observers, and a healthfulness and vitality in American home life which would be impossible if these women had, in the pursuit of other interests, neglected domestic duties. We are safe in assuming that the more highly feminine intelligence and initiative are developed, the finer will be the resulting type of wives and mothers; and that the abundant vitality of the American spirit will triumph over the difficulties inevitable to a new order, itself the product of industrial and social conditions inherent in the fabric of contemporary civilization.

A Shortage of Scapegoats

Condensed from *The Century Magazine* (Dec. '23)

Frank Tannenbaum

THE race problem cannot be solved. There is no solution which can be devised that will do all the things that a solution would have to do, remove not only the difficulties, but all traces of it. One might add that that is true for all fundamental social problems. It is possible to make adjustments, remove accumulated strains, and develop a technique for further improvement; but sudden magical solution there is none at all.

The trouble with the South is that it has not trouble enough. It suffers consciously from only one major affliction. It has only one great fear, it has only one great topic of conversation. It has only one great center of emotional excitation, only one scapegoat. What the South needs is more trouble, so that it could diversify its passions, its fears, its hates. There is an underlying current of apprehension that the colored population of the South will outstrip the white. It is the fear of losing hold upon the world, of losing caste—a fear that consciously or unconsciously colors all the talk about the negro. So long as it exists there is no possibility of securing in the South a general program that will lead to amelioration of the situation.

For example, it is not possible in the South to raise any of the great social problems that confront the modern world and achieve a rational program as long as the current complex of race antagonism is an isolated fundamental in the situation. If it were made evident, as is the fact, that any health for the white population depends upon health for the negro, that you cannot eliminate tuberculosis in the white community unless you cure it in the colored

community, the program would have to be abandoned, especially in those districts where the negro population is large. The whites are in fear of being outnumbered. Because of the greater fecundity of the colored race, the fact is that the whites will promote no health program in the South the end of which would make likely the rapid increase of the colored population. Any one acquainted with the hearings before committees in Southern legislatures upon problems of social legislation will recognize the truth of this statement. And the whites in the North or anywhere else would act likewise under the same conditions. There is only one way out. The South needs to stop being afraid of the negro. That, however, will occur only when the specter of negro dominance disappears. The present relation must be upset by the introduction of new factors. This is a specific problem, which can, I believe, be achieved.

The South now finds itself going in a vicious circle. It fears the negro, and yet is even more afraid to lose him. Recall the impediments put in the way of labor agents, and the fact that legislation is pending in many Southern States impeding the free movement of negro from State to State. And yet this movement of the negro to other parts of the country is the first step in any alleviation of the racial situation in the South. If the negro goes from the South in any perceptible degree, as seems likely at present, there will be an inevitable change in attitude toward him. The communities relieved of the fear of negro dominance will strain themselves, as they are already doing in places, to keep the negro by giving him better schools, better

homes, better conditions of life and labor. And you can't really hate people whom you put yourself out to serve.

The migration of the negro will break down the self-righteous, holler-than-thou attitude on the part of the rest of the country. It will make the negro problem a national problem rather than a sectional one. The South will no longer be the sole bearer of the strain involved in the friction of the races. Such migration should be encouraged—a migration sufficient to make the negro a valued possession in the South and to compel welcome to immigrating foreigners. The South needs the foreigner for its spiritual, economic, and social well-being. It needs him who knows how to develop diversified crops; it needs him to take the place of the migrating negro and to carry on the economic life of the South; it needs him to break the emotional concentration upon the negro; it needs him because, if he comes in large numbers, it will learn to fear and hate him. If a community must have a scapegoat, it is better to have a diversity of scapegoats than one.

The immigrant in the South will receive scant welcome, even less than the rest of the country has accorded to him in recent years. A change of habit ingrained by generations of dominance toward a socially and economically inferior group is a difficult matter. There still persists a notion of the inferiority in those who do the work of the world. And the foreigner in the South will not be so easy to handle as the negro. He will be more rebellious, more self-assertive, demand higher standards of living, insist on greater social equality. But instead of being an evil, it is precisely the reason why the foreign immigrant should be welcomed. There will be a softening of temper, a reader acceptance of opposition as essentially desirable in a democratic community, and it will compel a revaluation of values to the gradual discovery that there may be good

things beyond the immediate racial unit.

The attitude toward the negro in the South is saturated with the traditions and prejudices generated by many years of intense history. The immigrant would lack the Southern background; he would not have the emotional tension in the matter, and would lack resiliency in his resistance to the negro. The mere dread of such an eventuality by the South would tend to divert some of the fear and hate of the negro to the immigrant white population and thus also help ease the strain against the negro.

Still another reason for opposing immigration to the South is to be found in its intense religious and racial self-consciousness. Again, however, the thing would prove a blessing in disguise. The gradual intermarriage, the slow process of adjustment, the passionate struggle for the preservation of things held sacred, would all be valuable interests and emotional diversions tending to destroy the morbid pride of race and the bitter sense of religious righteousness.

One other suggestion. The industrial development of the South has been closely bound up with the cotton industry. If the South is to achieve full spiritual status, it must rescue the men and women in the mills. Under present conditions the individual mill-worker is a helpless and impotent being. The suggestion of the organization of these men into labor-unions will be resisted. It will, it is true, bring bitterness and hate. It will, however, also bring manhood, integrity, self-reliance. Self-reliance can come only through the group and with it.

What will be the final outcome of the race problem in America? Experience would dictate that there is no finality in social problems—there is always a beyond. It would compel the recognition of the simple fact that an end is but the beginning of new ends.

Moulding a Mountain

Condensed from *The Forum* (Oct. '23)

Gutzon Borglum

ALL roads lead to Atlanta." This quotation will be more applicable 50 years from now than it is today, for near Atlanta, on the face of Stone Mountain, is being created, through the genius of one of America's greatest sculptors and her most skilled engineers, a work of art and an historical record that will make of Atlanta a Mecca for tourists from all nations. The most enduring memorials of ancient civilizations are those monuments in which the artists and master-mechanicians of their day combined.

The pyramids in Egypt have survived the inundations of the Nile; something remains of the Acropolis in Athens, in spite of war and earthquake. In Italy there is a saying, "When the Colosseum falls, Rome will fall." — both are still standing. Whereas the pyramids required the labor of thousands of slaves, the great memorial to be erected to the Southern Confederacy will be executed, due to the advance of engineering skill, by only a few hundred workmen.

When the United Daughters of the Confederacy decided to place on Stone Mountain a record of the heroic but hopeless struggle of the South, they turned to the artist who had created the noblest representation in sculpture of the hero of the north, Lincoln. The magnitude of Gutzon Borglum's design can best be appreciated by giving some of the figures. The distance from the horse's knee to the top of General Lee's hat is 120 feet and a workman engaged in chiselling the hat will appear from below no larger than a fly. Whole armies will be represented in outline on the face of the mountain.

At a business meeting in Atlanta recently the statement was made: "This project will cost the City of Atlanta fifty million dollars." There was a chorus of exclamations and questions, but the speaker went on, "It will cost the city as much as that to build new roads and erect hotels, to care for the tourists who will come to see

Stone Mountain."—Editor of *The Forum*.

Stone Mountain presents a great granite facade, 800 feet in height and about 3,000 feet in length—a single granite rock, uncracked, uninjured by time. Seven years ago it was estimated that two million dollars would be required to build the contemplated memorial upon the mountain, and from 50 to 60 per cent increase in costs has had to be added since that time.

In the production of this work, the artist is face to face, first, with the herculean task of designing an army upon a mountain! As to the design itself, there is nothing new in this; but the placing of horsemen, over 100 feet in height, upon the face of the precipice, 350 feet above the surrounding ground, extending over a thousand feet, is a task without precedent. The surface to be carved is sufficiently smooth. Still it undulates, with great projecting shoulders, and at some points recedes from the perpendicular over 50 feet. This condition makes the first work, of fitting the grouping to conform to the irregularities, no simple task.

After this, we still faced the heart-breaking task of actually fitting the design to the mountain itself. I tried the usual known methods of enlargement but found them inadequate. Some simple plan had to be found by which I could, after a few hours of sketching, throw upon the face of the mountain an enlargement of some part of the design, as a test—then correct and redesign. Finally, a stereopticon solved all this part of the big labor. Of course there were no lamps powerful enough; there was no lens strong enough; there was neither slide nor lens that would stand the light. The "experts," with

the usual academic timidity, said "Pictures could only be thrown from 275 to 300 feet by the best lamps today."

We have thrown our pictures 1,300 feet, covering 50,000 square feet of the mountain. We have saved from one to three years of work and, better than that, have found a means by which we can throw a design one acre square, at an angle of 50 degrees with slight distortion, and at will correct any part of it by superimposed slides, workmen descending over the mountain, tracing the correction.

This designing, however, is only for locating the groups. In the meantime, large and small models, in every conceivable situation, are in process. One of these models has now been sufficiently well determined as to be known in the plan as the first or central group. This sketch in clay was first made to conform to the contour of the mountain. The design was afterwards sketched by hand upon the surface of the clay. This clay is cut away in block form as the stone is removed, then the block design roughly modeled. Photographs of this sketch will then serve for the drillers, who will block from this sketch model the entire surface to be carved for the central group.

The next process will be modeling the central group life size—not the size of the finished work. This model will become the master model, complete historically, and accurate in its relation to the mountain surface. This will be used for all finished enlargement. From it, coarse plaster models will be pointed up by assistants to one-fourth the size of the mountain sculpture. . . The depth of

relief of the central group will be about 20 feet, while the average depth of stone to be removed over the whole surface will be about four feet.

When the drilling on the central group is completed, which should be done in less than two years, the drillers will be shifted to the flanking groups, the infantry, and Forrest's cavalry. The carving will be done from the top down. This is for the convenience of scaffolding and also for the protection of workmen from falling stone. The central group should be finished in three years.

Directly below, at the base of the mountain, a great hall of records will be cut into the granite, 320 feet in length and 40 feet in depth. It will be divided into three compartments, the center for Georgia and the two greater side halls for the other 12 states. The interior will be treated in the simple, monumental, and militant Gothic style.

Upon its walls will be placed upward of 3,000 commemorative tablets in bronze, subscribed by founder members. Its windows will carry the coat of arms of each state, and on the floor directly under each window, a great bronze star will be inlaid, containing the state arms. Double doors, opening the way through the great bronze grill will, in turn, carry the history of Georgia in bronze. There will be no applied architectural structure of any kind.

Before the entrance of Memorial Hall a great urn is to be placed, where burning incense will, it is hoped, provide a continuous curl of blue smoke. There are also plans for a stadium.

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A Business Man Sees It Through

Adapted from *The Atlantic Monthly* (Dec. '23)

Philip Cabot

IF anybody who happens to read this should observe that it is all to be found in the works of abstract thinkers, some of which were written centuries ago, I shall not be surprised. In fact, I should be both surprised and shocked if it were otherwise; for if the experience of my own life is not borne out by the experience of the race from the dawn of history I am either a lunatic or have failed to understand my own life.

I have not read the books and probably should have learned nothing from them if I had, for the books of great abstract thinkers are truly closed to most of us. I landed high and dry in the first chapters of Saint Augustine, Kant, and Swedenborg, and there stuck fast for 30 years, and I am not ashamed of it. It is exactly what one must expect, for no man can think abstractly to any purpose until he has lived concretely, and no other man can understand my words unless he has had my experience. The only book which is open to all is the Book of Life—a man's own personal experience.

There comes a time in middle life when most of us awake to see the road stretch straight and dusty to the grave. It is a well-known fact that lasting conversion most commonly takes place after a man is forty, and I think it is more than a coincidence that this is the period in men's lives when nervous breakdown is most common in Americans. Many a doctor has told such a patient in effect that what he needed was not a tonic but a faith. Fears, real or imaginary, whose number is legion, drive a man through a welter of needless hurry to the injury of his work and the ruin of his nerves; and they destroy the joy of life.

These fears are our heritage from the brutes. All animals live in habitual fear of their enemies; our great-grandfathers ten thousand times removed lived in terror of dinosaurs and demons; the Psalmists lived in terror of their enemies, and we also live among fears. The workman fears unemployment, and the shop girl fears old-maidhood; the business man fears hard times, his wife fears to be out of fashion. I am afraid of a draught, Jones is afraid of his wife, who browbeats him, and she lives in terror of her cook. We all unite in the fear of death. Fear was what finally drove us to war with Germany, and the present condition of Europe is due to fear. No man can look his world squarely in the face and deny that we are the servants, or the slaves of, fear.

To make my suggestions practical, I propose that we follow the example of the business world. We live in an era of combination rather than competition in industry. We combine factories into trusts for the sake of efficiency and economy in operation. If carried too far this process collides with the Sherman Anti-Trust Act; but suppose we were to combine all our fears in one huge combination or trust—the Trust in God. The result would be to abolish all independent fears and free us from the slavery of fear under which we groan. Just fancy the increase of efficiency and the economy of such a Trust; all our fears, the fear of the poor-house, the fear of accident and disease, the fear of our neighbors and a bleak old age, even the fear of death, wiped out by consolidation into the Trust of God. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," indeed—I think

almost the whole of it; and it is the beginning and the whole liberty.

In an age when we are surrounded with the appearance of material power, the belief that God is the source of life and power is particularly difficult for a business man to grasp. For his own daily life seems to be passed in exercising the powers which modern science has bestowed upon him. Many a man has said to me when I have mentioned the subject of worship, "Oh, I get along very well without that sort of thing!"—and the worst of it is that he honestly thinks so.

I am firmly convinced, however, that he is wrong, and that the best thing that most men could do to improve their health and their whole operating efficiency would be to orient and reanimate their souls through prayer.

We may pray for power to do something for ourselves, but we shall not get it. If we ask for power to do the will of God, He will pass the power through us and His purpose will be carried out. And the simile goes still farther. Many men have observed that when they pray fiercely, demanding help from God, they do not get it. Only when they surrender themselves to God's will and ask Him to work through them, is their prayer answered. I worked for years with electrical engineers, and I take an example from that field of industry. The current from the generating station follows the line of least resistance. If there is resistance in one wire the current will take another path; there are plenty more. And thus God has many servants who can execute His will, and He chooses those who do not resist but who surrender themselves to Him.

A man must exhaust his imagination and his will-power to develop the technique of his praying to the highest possible pitch. Then will follow an incredible sense of relief. Whence, this wave of calmness? What has taken place? For me, the answer is this. The prayers and longings of true repentance have converted

the sin into an experience and stamped it so indelibly upon the soul that real growth has taken place. I can never sin in quite that fashion again. Achievements such as this are the stones out of which our character is built. For I believe that every act and every thought is etched indelibly upon the soul and will remain there for all eternity. We may well believe that such a process of building is the purpose of our lives in this world, and this may perhaps explain the common experience of men that they often gain more from sin and failure than from what look like success and virtue. Beware the man who never sinned. Like the bond salesman "in business for 40 years, sir, and never lost a dollar for a customer"; he is either a liar or a lunatic.

This view of the effect of repentance is, I think, quite in harmony with the teachings of Christ. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need for before ye ask Him." It could not well be otherwise if God is all-wise. But if this be true it must also be true that God knows our sins before we confess them or even before we commit them. We cannot give any information to our God, and therefore the purpose of confession must be mainly for its effect upon the character of the man himself.

To our fathers the faith in God by which they lived and which radiated through their lives was taught in their homes and in their schools. For they were born at a time when the school-teachers were mostly ministers, and when even in colleges the Christian religion was still taught. But in our day Democracy has banished religious teaching from the schools and we know full well that it is not taught in our homes, for men cannot teach what they do not know. The practice of worship must be revived, or we shall perish.

Keep Your Friendships in Repair

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (Dec. '23)

Holworthy Hall

I KNOW a man who for three terms was a United States Senator. He was never a politician, and he never previously held any public office. He was elected at a time when his party apparently had no more chance than a fish in a furnace. But he was elected, and he stayed in Washington until ill health compelled him to retire. One of his townsmen told me the secret: "Jim wasn't elected because he never made an enemy. He was elected because he never lost a friend! And he made a friend out of almost anybody that so much as asked him for a match, because he was so darned nice about it you'd have thought the only thing he had to do all that week was to give that particular man that particular match!"

When the fond mother asked Charles Lamb how he liked babies, and he said, "B-bolled, madam, b-bolled," he lost a friend, because he had more respect for a joke than he had for young motherhood.

My own definition of courtesy is this: It is the outward sign of respect for other people's beliefs, time, comfort, pride, and convenience.

When Commodore Vanderbilt sent out word to a poor inventor who had waited several hours for an interview, "I have no time to waste on fools," he was respecting neither the time nor the personal pride of the caller—and this had an interesting back-kick, because the poor inventor happened to be George Westinghouse who wanted to sell his new air-brake outright for \$10,000!

The late J. Pierpont Morgan once said, "Henry Rogers is the most fundamentally courteous man I know. In 30 years he's never been late to an appointment, never forgotten a

promise, and never overlooked an obligation."

Now you can take almost any of our standard formal politenesses, and shoot it as full of holes as a sieve. For example, what difference does it make whether you shake hands with the right hand or the left? The answer is that men once shook hands with the right hand, to show that neither of them was holding back a dagger. . . . But there is something more to courtesy than mere form. A counterfeit quarter has the same form as a genuine one; but it can't stay in circulation permanently, because it hasn't the mintmark of good faith. If a man is courteous only because he's trying to make something out of it, he won't fool anybody but himself. I am reminded of an old schoolmate who makes a wonderful first impression. Outwardly, he is a Chesterfield. He has such a complete kit of parlor manners that he would do for the model of a book on etiquette. But he has gone down the ladder of success, backward, for the reason that he never lets you hold that first fine impression. . . . It doesn't ease your headache if the footpad says "pardon me" just as he swings on you with a section of lead pipe.

To use another illustration, the practical value of courtesy is a good deal like the practical value of prayer. If you pray for something spiritual in yourself, you generally get it. But if you pray for a new phonograph by next Wednesday afternoon, you miss the whole principle of the thing—and you probably don't get the phonograph.

Anyone who expects the world to act like a slot-machine, and deliver up a material benefit for every casual

politeness, is going to be disappointed. But the eventual return for continuous courtesy, backed by sincere motives, is so high that it makes any other conceivable investment look sick. Whether I am doing business with a business man, or asking road information from a farmer, or disputing a bill, or arguing with a tax collector, or trying to get a loan—I figure that I usually get about a hundred and ten per cent return from courtesy.

I have just heard how a street-railway in Ohio was saved from bankruptcy. The conductors were taught that they were salesmen, not mere collectors of nickels. Every patron got a pleasant "Thank you" for his nickel. He wasn't told to step lively, any more than a customer in a department store. He was treated as though the company had an interest in his comfort and convenience. And people began to ride on that line because they liked the treatment they got. But this is the real point: The conductor who is head of the union in that district says, "No, they ain't raised our pay yet, but we ain't asked for it; I mean, the job's so much easier!"

There was a cigar clerk who was polite because he was made that way. He was quite as much absorbed in satisfying the mill hand who asked for a stogie, as he was in selling perfectos. He didn't put on his courtesy, like a frock coat, for special occasions; he wore it regularly. And as he had to hire assistants, his first requirement was always courtesy. He now controls some thousands of cigar stores, and says: "Yes, we've done well. It is because we've always kept our friendships in good repair!"

But perhaps, instead of being a tobacco king, or a traction magnate, you merely want to be a good husband. Let me tell you, then, that marriage ends where romance ends; and that romance ends when mutual courtesy flies out of the window. I knew a girl, from a rich and prominent family, who eloped with a young accountant without a penny to his name. Her family never forgave her.

But years later she said to me, "Tom won't ever make any money, or be what you call a success; but—why, he treats me as if we'd been married only yesterday! So, what's money?"

My reply is that under such circumstances, money is a large, cold zero. And I will add that if all the rest of us were as considerate as Tom perhaps we might be equally happy. To me, that's practical. Tom hasn't netted a hundred and ten per cent—he's netted ten thousand.

Of course, courtesy, by itself, can't change a man's intelligence, or his ability. But whether he is an ice-man or an international lawyer, courtesy will infallibly distinguish him, *above those of equal rank*. The late G. C. Boldt, who managed the Waldorf-Astoria, began as a waiter. But he was polite—and he meant it. He wasn't simply playing for tips. He was being George Boldt. And this article can't possibly be read by more than 75 Americans who make more money than Boldt was making when he died. If his courtesy hadn't caught the attention of somebody with influence he might never have been given his chance.

Yet there are people who imagine that to be courteous is to be servile! They don't realize that true courtesy is the trademark of true pride and self-respect. Napoleon Bonaparte was no worm; but it was Napoleon, as emperor, who made way for a woman carrying a bundle of laundry, and reproached his aids with the sharp command: "Respect the burden!"—which has always struck me as the finest expression of true courtesy in any language.

It was one of the greatest Americans in history who, when a black laborer lifted his hat to him, raised his own in return, and answered criticism with the unanswerable question: "And is the President of the United States to be outdone in courtesy by a negro workman?"

Genuine courtesy is the oil which will keep our social and commercial machinery in running order. But it must be a good grade, free from adulteration.

As I Like It

Extracts from Scribner's Magazine (Dec. '23)

William Lyon Phelps

WHAT is the funniest book ever written? In trying to reawaken the echoes of forgotten laughter, let us consider only those books which their authors intended to be funny. An overdone melodrama is funnier than a farce, and serious verse is sometimes more diverting than jingles. If we were to include unintentional humor, I should like a place reserved for the catalogue of an American "university" I once read. Statistics? Nothing is funnier than statistics when studied from the proper angle.

Arthur E. Bostwick, the admirable St. Louis librarian, has said that "a funny book is a contradiction in terms. Only brief compositions can be funny as a whole." There are exceptions to prove this rule. Frank Stockton's brilliant novel "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecke and Mrs. Aleshine" is continuously and irresistibly funny. A still longer book, Arnold Bennett's "Mr. Prohack," is a Marathon of humor. Mr. Bostwick inquires: "Did you ever hear a man tell a funny story an hour long?" No; but I have heard Stephen Leacock talk an hour long and keep his audience laughing; for, like Mark Twain, Professor Leacock is funny both with typewriter and with voice. William J. Locke's "Septimus" made me laugh louder in solitude than almost any other modern novel. George Ade's original "Fables in Slang" were certainly provocative of mirth. For an absolutely side-splitting book—which to be sure is short—let me recommend "In Need of Change" by Julian Street. That masterpiece reduced me to a state of gibbering helplessness, so that like Elymas in the Bible, I "went about seeking some to lead me by the hand."

Every humorist is an interpreter of life and a benefactor of mankind. I suppose that Artemas Ward's "lectures" must have been near perfection, though I don't care for his literary "remains."

Are all humorists sad? They say that Josh Billings cried most of the time. A man called on him when he was busy, and the person who took the visitor's card said that Billings was at that moment writing and crying. His friend was sympathetic, and wished to know what was the matter. "Oh, nothing; he always cries while he is writing." Just then the fresh copy came out for the printer; the manuscript was wet with the author's tears. He had written, "Nothing can cure a man of laziness; but a second wife will sometimes help." . . .

A professor of mathematics in the University of California, after denouncing the shop-worn phrase "in the last analysis," to which I should like to add the tiresome "acid test," writes with professional authority about an expression almost equally common:

"There is still another phrase which I as a mathematician and a lover of careful thinking and expression find particularly abominable. If a mouth filling superlative is desired which shall also give an impression of mathematical profundity, the stupid phrase 'to the nth degree' is called in. Now the 'nth degree' is 'any degree,' and may mean the first degree, the second degree, or the thousandth, and if you recall the meaning of the negative exponent [I don't] you will see that the 'nth degree' may stand for a quantity as small as one may wish."

Which shows what an ignoramus I am. I had always supposed that

the nth degree ranked above all others. I thought it was like that infinity where parallel lines meet. (How absurd to say that parallel lines meet only in infinity, when any one can stand on the rear platform of a moving train, and see them meet a quarter of a mile away!) However, no more nth degree for me. I'm through. . . .

A missionary in China writes me that she has just discovered the following contribution to science in a novel by the late Mrs. Humphrey Ward. "It was ten o'clock, and the harvest moon, as yet only a brilliant sickle, was rising." To this sentence I award the prize. My correspondent may be pardoned for suggesting that the Bible is as a rule more scientifically accurate than the general run of modern novelists. . . .

In my remarks on Barnum, I made a bad blunder when I spoke of "the long weeks without hardly any sleep." I have received some 30 letters correcting me. However, the record for bad English is still held by a man who was not long ago a governor of one of our large States. He performed the unusual feat of making three grammatical errors in a sentence composed of two words. "Them's them!" . . .

It is becoming increasingly common to discover bookshops where the proprietor not only knows books, but loves them. Formerly, if you went into other shops you could assume that the managers and the clerks knew something about the articles advertised for sale; but in most bookshops, it was impossible to find any who had even an adumbration of knowledge. Things are improving. The ideal bookshop is Parker's, in Los Angeles where the proprietor is a veritable host, knowing every item on the bill of fare. He sits up all night reading. Another good shop is Beach's in Indianapolis; his favorite place for reading is the street-car, and he adds, "I forget to get off where I should. But that doesn't matter!"

Those who like a breathlessly exciting detective story will enjoy Wil-

liam Garrett's "Friday to Monday," and will read it in much less time than that.

Nineteen twenty-three has been a notable year for the activity displayed by American novelists of established reputation. Edith Wharton, Zona Gale, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Elsie Singmaster, Ernest Poole, Joseph Lincoln, Ethel Kelley, Mary S. Watts, Herbert Quick, have all produced new novels of importance. . . .

Judging by the announcements, the theatre season in New York will be like the city itself, containing the best and the worst things in America. There are some shows—a good name for them—that are so cynically defiant of decency that I have actually read rumors to the effect that many people have decided to stay away from theatres altogether—a boycott that may become effective. No moralist's antagonism to the theatre has ever done the institution so much harm as that accomplished by those theatrical managers and producers who will apparently do anything for money. It is the traitor and not the open foe who injures any cause, and I say that all those concerned in the production of a play or spectacle that violates what is generally accepted as decency are traitors.

Outside of New York, the hope of dramatic art is in the Community Theatres and in the so-called Little Theatres. No city in America deserves more credit in this important work than Pasadena. The Pasadena Community Playhouse Association not only publishes an annual programme of plays produced, but a financial balance-sheet; and it has reason to be proud of both. It has survived six seasons, and in three years built up a membership from 42 to 1,442. In the summer courses of instruction are given in everything pertaining to dramatic work. Pasadena is a model, and I advise all communities who are interested to write to the Pasadena Community Playhouse Association.

The following comments appear in the magazines from which the articles were selected:

BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE is a member of a distinguished British theatrical family, and was on the stage in England and America until her marriage in 1910. Since then she has been a lecturer on the drama and the woman's movement. She is the author of "What Women Want," "What's Wrong With Our Girls?" and other books.

JOSEPH CONRAD has been called the "most arresting and the most romantic figure in English literature." Born a Pole, he became the greatest living master of the English language. Reared in an inland country, his passion for the sea made him first a sea captain and then the writer of sea tales judged worthy of a place among "the greatest of English story-writers of this or any other age." His books belong not to England alone but to the literature of the world.

WALTER GREENOUGH was director of publicity for Indiana under the Seventh Federal Reserve Bank, of Chicago, during the Liberty Loan campaigns in the war. During 1922 he made a study of methods of operation and organization of several of the new community trusts in larger cities, at the request of the board of trustees of the Indianapolis Foundation.

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT may be described as a scientist with a keen imagination. He usually makes a business of one science and a hobby of every other. He was once a patent attorney, and he is today the vice-president of an important engineering company. Some years ago he studied criminology in Vienna with a famous authority on that subject. He has written books on the history of astronomy and the science of flying. He was for a while associate editor of *The Scientific American* and later editor of *Popular Science Monthly*.

HAMLIN GARLAND is again living in New York City, where he has an office at the American Academy of Arts and Letters. At present, the author of "A Son of the Middle Border," and "A Daughter of the Middle Border," is at work on a series of impressions culled from his sojourn in England last season. "The Book of the American Indian," with Frederic Remington illustrations, came from Mr. Garland's pen this autumn.

GUTZON BORGLUM does things on a prodigious scale—witness the head of Abraham Lincoln in the rotunda of the Capitol. He was born in Idaho and is the brother of another sculptor, the late Solon Hannibal Borglum. Some of his best monuments are that to Sheridan in Washington, Lincoln in Newark, and Henry Ward Beecher in Brooklyn. He first studied art in San Francisco, but later lived in Paris and London, where he gave successful exhibitions.

WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD is a well known magazine writer.

United States Senator **ROYAL S. COPELAND** of New York was formerly Public Health Commissioner of New York City, and is a leading "dark horse" for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

ALLAN L. BENSON is a personal friend of Henry Ford and his biographer.

J. ARTHUR THOMPSON is Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, and author of "The Outline of History."

FRANK K. KENT is the political editor of the Baltimore "Sun," and vice-president of the company which publishes that newspaper.

PHILIP CABOT has been a successful promoter and manager of public utility corporations, and a banker. The next Ingersoll lecture at Harvard will be delivered by Mr. Cabot. Ingersoll lecturers have included in times past among other distinguished thinkers and scientists, William James, Josiah Royce, and Sir William Osler.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD for the past 15 years has been connected with the Boston "Herald," for the last four as their chief editorial writer.

General **CHARLES H. SHERRILL** is a distinguished New York lawyer who has traveled extensively abroad, on such widely divergent missions as those of a diplomat, a promoter of international athletics, and a lover of stained-glass windows.

HOLWORTHY HALL, whose real name is Harold E. Porter, has written nearly a dozen books, many short stories and magazine articles, and is one of the known literary men in America today.

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